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NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

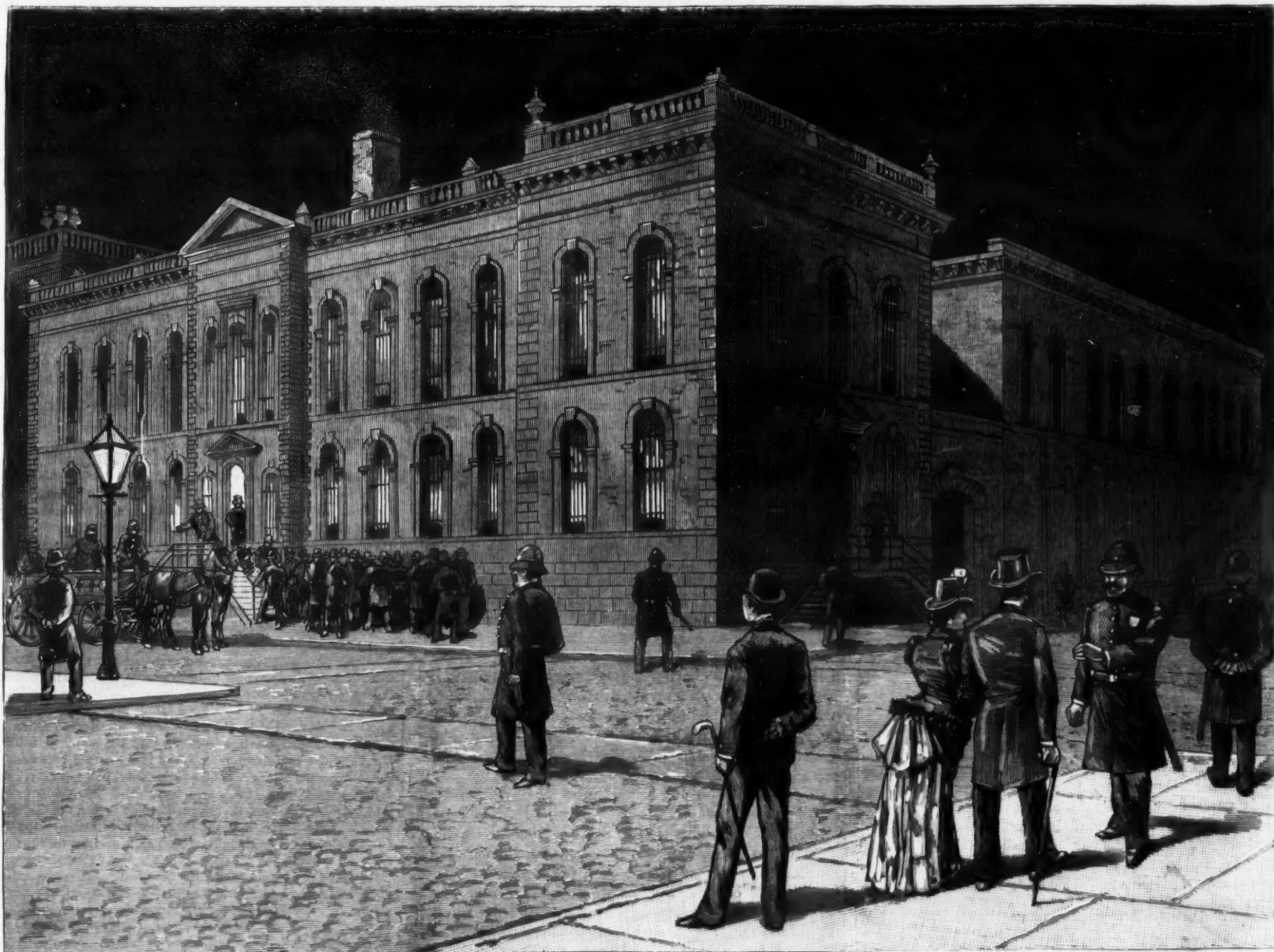
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AFFECTING INTERVIEW BETWEEN PARSONS AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.



FIELDEN IN HIS CELL—THE SOUND OF THE HAMMER.



ILLINOIS.—THE CONDEMNED CHICAGO ANARCHISTS—VIEW OF COOK COUNTY JAIL GUARDED BY POLICEMEN.
FROM SKETCHES BY WILL E. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 202.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

THE DOOM OF THE ANARCHISTS.

THE application of the Anarchists to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of error has been denied, and unless Governor Oglesby shall interfere in their behalf, the men now in jail at Chicago will this week suffer the extreme penalty of the law. There is no doubt at all that all right-thinking citizens will approve such a vindication of the supreme law of the public safety, so long and so insolently defied by the class of malignants to which these Anarchists belong. The people of this country are prepared to maintain freedom of speech and of public assembly for every purpose consistent with the public interests, but when these are employed as a menace to the social order, when freedom degenerates into license and tends to encourage misrule, they now insist, and will always insist, that the restraints of necessary law, with all adequate penalties, shall be inexorably enforced. It is a pitiful thing that the lives of these doomed men, which might have been useful and beneficent, should be eclipsed in the shadow of the gallows, but it would be far more pitiful to see assassination obtain recognition as the highest civic virtue, and Law stricken down by the red hand of Anarchy. That is the best form of government which under the sway of righteous laws secures the persons and properties of all the people without doing violence to the rights of any; and that form of government must be, and will be, preserved on the soil where for a hundred years it has maintained itself against all odds.

CHARLESTON'S GALA-WEEK.

IT is delightful to find a whole city-full of people who can give themselves up to enjoyment, pure and simple, with no *arrière-pensée* of any sort of profit to result thereby. A whole week of festivity and merrymaking, of rockets and balloons and tub races, with no industrial exhibition, no parade of the resources of the city, no attempt at improvement of the occasion, so much as by a speech! Simply an effervescence of gladness, a bubbling over of the joy and, it may well be, of the gratitude of a whole people, in view of the change that one year has wrought in their condition. A year ago their city had been shaken into ruins by physical convulsions that no forethought could have averted, no science controlled; to-day it is rebuilt, rehabilitated, prosperous—a triumph of the courage and the energy of its inhabitants. Why, indeed, should they not make merry and be glad?

It is a wonderful record that Charleston has made for herself within the past year. Nearly seven thousand buildings rebuilt or repaired that then lay in ruins, about three hundred new buildings erected, a trade of \$66,000,000 carried on—this is a remarkable showing for a city that so lately might have been deemed paralyzed by the most terrifying, because the most inexplicable and uncontrollable, of disasters. It is the mystery of an earthquake that is so appalling. A force may be never so destructive—if its power can be calculated, it is no longer an object of terror. And it is a wonderful thing that the people of Charleston were able, while the earthquake shocks were still an affair of every day, to anticipate the time when the elements would no longer war against them, and to act as if that time were already present.

It is that calmness in the midst of terror which gives dignity to the unclad merriment of Charleston's Thanksgiving Week. That it was truly a Thanksgiving Week, no thoughtful person will deny, nor will he fail to be inspired by considering the manner of it. The people might have gone in solemn procession to their churches and offered public thanks for the success and prosperity of the past year. They did better than that. They gave themselves up to such unrestrained mirth, such universal festivity, as is possible to no people who do not frankly and gladly recognize in all the events of life the overruling hand of a beneficent Providence. The spontaneous outburst of a whole people's joy is the truest and most effective tribute of gratitude that can be offered.

In these days, when the world is so terribly in earnest with an earnestness that has little of elevation or of inspiration—an earnestness which is much more the deadly earnestness of the man with the muck-rake than of him who sees above him the heavenly crown—it is well to be reminded that there is something ennobling in joy, something elevating in pure delight and frolicry. Charleston will be a better city for her week of merriment. There is something so purifying in happiness, there is such a buoyancy in mirth, that men are by them lifted into higher and healthier regions. Life everywhere will be more earnest and fruitful when all the people have learned to give themselves up fearlessly to well-earned joy in the presence of obstacles and troubles vanquished.

WONDERFUL DAKOTA.

OF all the Territories which, from time to time, since this Government was founded, have grown to Statehood, hardly one had a development so rapid as that

which bears the name of Dakota. If, at the close of the civil war, any one had predicted what has since actually taken place there, he would have been universally regarded as a lunatic or a fool. Bounded by Minnesota on the east, Nebraska on the south, Montana and Wyoming on the west, and the British possessions on the north, the Territory is over 400 miles in length, with an average breadth of 360 miles, containing an area of more than 150,000 square miles. It has a population of considerably over 500,000—greater than that of Delaware and Florida combined—which is still increasing with unexampled rapidity. It produced the present year a wheat crop of 62,553,499 bushels, of the very finest and most nutritive quality grown in any part of the world. The soil and climate are equally well adapted to the growth of other cereals, as well as of grass, flax and fruits. The soil requires no fertilization or irrigation, and furrows may be run for miles without a turn. The amount of agricultural productions in the Territory during the last year was over \$40,000,000, while the value of the live stock there had reached about the same figure. The farm lands are passing into the hands of actual settlers at the rate of nearly 4,000,000 acres yearly.

The population of the Territory, in point of character, intelligence and enterprise, compares well with that of the older States of the Union. Churches abound, and are well supported, and educational facilities are numerous and flourishing, there being 3,900 schools, with over 5,000 teachers. In short, the influences and appliances of civilization and religion go hand in hand in this wonderful region.

One other evidence of the prosperity of the Territory should not be overlooked—that found in its railroads, which have grown to the extent of over 4,000 miles, and are still rapidly increasing. From this, it will be seen that means of conveying the vast agricultural productions of the Territory to the markets of the world are not likely to become inadequate.

For years Dakota has sought to take her rightful place in the Union. Her claims, in every respect, equal those of any other Territory that has ever been admitted to the family of States. It has been usual, indeed, to admit new Territories as soon as they had a population entitling them to a single Representative in Congress. Some, we are quite sure, have been admitted before reaching that point. Dakota now would certainly be entitled to two, if not three, Representatives; and yet her prayer for admission is denied. Why? Simply and solely because it is assumed that the majority of her electors are Republicans, and the Democratic House of Representatives has for that reason resolved that she shall not take part in the next Presidential election, nor add two to the roll of Republican Senators at the National Capitol. It is proposed to exclude her, if possible, until another and a lesser Territory, prospectively Democratic in politics, can be admitted with her. There is no Territory at present of whose Democracy the party feels sure except Utah, and so leading Democrats are intriguing for the admission of that in spite of its polygamy. Of course, a show will be made of wiping out that blot, but only so that the foul system can be finally fastened upon the Union under the permanent protection of that State sovereignty whose champions so lately attempted to destroy the Union. The man who is engineering this nice little scheme is that Bourbon of Bourbons, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, counsel of the Mormon hierarchy. The conspirators should be watched.

A SYSTEM OF COAST DEFENSE.

AFTER complicated discussions of dynamite guns, auto-mobile torpedoes, sunken batteries and all manner of floating craft as defenders of our harbors, a definite plan of action is presented for criticism in the report of the Naval Board of Coast Defense. The Board has agreed upon a system of defense consisting of monitors, supported by auxiliary craft, such as rams and torpedo-boats, and has found that the \$2,000,000 appropriated by Congress for this purpose will be sufficient to establish at least one part of the system. An experiment is to be made with the monitor *Miantonomah*, which will be equipped with several fleet rams, these in turn to be accompanied and protected by small, swift torpedo-boats and fish-torpedoes. The exact character of the auxiliary craft remains unsettled, there being a choice between very heavy rams and lighter double-enders with a propeller at either end. The question of torpedoes must be held in abeyance until Secretary Whitney's return, but the Howell torpedo has been found inadequate on account of its inability to circumvent chain protective armor, and the Torpedo Board has been directed to discontinue experiments. To the lay mind the idea of beginning gradually and proceeding only as actual experience points the way seems most desirable, and the employment at first of one monitor with its auxiliaries is a sensible idea. This plan of coast defense by small but formidable vessels appears feasible, and it is certainly more likely to be carried out than the building of an entire navy of colossal ironclads. Nothing is said of defenses on shore, but something will probably be done in this direction. The present defenseless condition of our harbors is a continual temptation to even small Powers of an irritable or piratical disposition, and it is not reasonable that so many millions of property should be left unguarded. It is to be hoped above all things that any new

plan will be carried out deliberately and wisely, for the people are very tired of "jobs" and failures in naval matters.

ONE IMMIGRANT TOO MANY.

NO cases of cholera in the Western States are yet reported. But the investigation made by Drs. Wilson, Shakespeare and Cleaman, of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, shows that the five hundred Italians who came on the cholera-infected steamer *Independence* were allowed by the gross incompetency of the New York Quarantine Board to be distributed over the country in flagrant disregard of the danger to which they were exposing hundreds of interior points. The Philadelphia doctors find that at the New York Quarantine the convalescents were not kept isolated from the healthy until danger of contagion was removed; that convalescents from Swinburne Island Hospital were sent back among the healthy on Hoffman Island without being bathed or disinfected, and that even the infected clothing was sent to Hoffman Island to be disinfected in the midst of the healthy persons, though there is a disinfecting-chamber attached to the hospital on Swinburne Island. There is, also, no compulsory washing; the sick use the same water-closets with the well; the convalescents retain their diseased clothing instead of being obliged to put on absolutely new clothing, and patients direct from the infected Italian ports are smuggled to the mainland and scattered over the country without any record of their destination by which they can be followed or the results known. It was only through publications in the New York papers that the Surgeon-general of the United States was warned in time to make the effort to find out where these people had gone and what the immediate consequences would prove to be.

It was exactly in this way that cholera was introduced into the country fourteen years ago, at several widely distant points. As in the recent case, so at that time, the passengers seemed healthy, but the instant the goods were unpacked cholera broke out at Carthage, O., at Yankton, Dak., and one other point. A similar visitation seems as likely as not to occur from the recent exploits in stupidity of the New York Quarantine Board; and if the country shall by sheer good fortune escape it, the reasons why the New York State Quarantine system should be thoroughly overhauled and a national and better-organized Quarantine substituted in its stead will be just as imperative. While it remains a State institution, however, it might not be amiss if certain State and City officials should learn that there is a cyclone on its way for such as shall be found attending to politics in the port of New York while the cholera is being admitted and distributed all over the country.

THE TASK OF THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

THE arrival of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the approaching session of the Fisheries Commission revive a discussion of the fisheries dispute which has unfortunately been largely characterized by partisan unfairness. On the one hand, Protectionists have called heaven and earth to witness that under no circumstances must the duty be taken off Canadian fish, although many of the New England fishermen who oppose free fish equip the vessels which they send to the Canadian grounds with Canadian crews. On the other hand, Free Traders claim that all the trouble is due to the demand of a few New England fish-dealers for special protection, and that "free fish" would settle the dispute. One of the later suggestions from the Free Trade camp is, that the United States should buy up New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec for fifty millions, and thus sweep away the fisheries contention, with its squabbling over ice supplies, bait and three-mile limits. The dust kicked up by politicians and others, selfishly interested, has obscured the real issues, and the average newspaper-reader would be puzzled to define exactly the purpose of the serious business which we are entering into with the European Power to which we are most closely united by ties of blood and language.

The questions to be considered by this Commission go back to colonial times, and have been the subjects of four important treaties. The main issues have not been materially changed, and may be summed up in the question, What rights have American fishermen on the shores of Canada? The American contention is, to quote a recent summary, that the rights of fishing-vessels are the same as those of merchant-vessels, including all trading rights accorded by the commercial regulations of Great Britain to the ocean traffic of other countries, corresponding to the privileges which we give to British vessels entering and leaving our ports. This involves, of course, free use of the neighboring mainland, which is essential for fishermen. But the Canadian contention is, that commerce and fishing are altogether different things; that they have always been considered different by both countries; that they were acknowledged to be different in the Treaty of 1873 (the Washington Treaty), no less than in that of 1818; and that American fishing rights are now to be determined by the latter treaty. It is practically admitted by the American fishing interests that their rights rest on the Treaty of 1818, but they insist that the treaty must be interpreted by the commercial privileges granted by both countries by proclamation in 1830. Yet the claim that these privileges applied to fishing-vessels was not asserted by us until after the abrogation of the Washington Treaty, and not asserted to the fullest extent until last year.

The first question, therefore, to come before the Commission at Washington will relate to the exact interpretation of the Treaty of 1818. That gives us certain shore rights marked on the maps, and excludes us from any others, except the right to enter bays and harbors "for the purpose of shelter or repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." The Canadians have interpreted the restrictive clauses in the narrowest and most literal sense, and really attempt to decide themselves what the suitable occasions are for the shelter and repairing of American vessels. The American fisherman can get water, but he cannot buy ice or salt, or even coal, or hire seamen, or cure his fish, or stay in any harbor beyond the time absolutely necessary to repair damages. The performances of Canadian

cruisers in the enforcement of this interpretation are a familiar story. Our fishermen evidently have just grounds for complaint.

If the American claims for ordinary commercial facilities and the Canadian demand for a strict interpretation of the Treaty of 1818 are found irreconcilable, then it will be necessary to consider measures for formal arbitration. But, as the *Evening Post* suggests, the questions of reciprocity, or of commercial union, or of the duties on fish, cannot be considered until the law as laid down in the Treaty of 1818 receives exact definition.

THE WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

THE Women's Congress, which recently met in this city, was an interesting body, representing the best thought of the sex, and, so, much of the best thought of the country, on several vital topics, and on others which, while important, have less immediate bearing upon the affairs of the day. The address of Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, of this city, on "Scientific Charity," was, perhaps, the most interesting paper of the meeting. Mrs. Wood takes rather radical ground, declaring that the constant, alarming increase of paupers and criminals is the result of ignorant and sentimental attempts to administer charity in defiance of the laws of the universe and of human nature. It is only recently, and only in the cities at the best, that people have come to respect the law, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Miscellaneous almsgiving has been in a measure checked, and it is coming to be understood that work is the only true help for the poor. But the charitable organizations ignore the law which sets human beings in families. They break up homes without compunction, sending children to institutions in flocks, thus freeing the parents from all the restraints of responsibility, and leaving them an easy prey to the temptations of vice and crime. The excuse for this has been that the children were thus "saved," but the statistics show that they learn vice in institutions as surely as when at large, and even when they escape this taint, "institutionalized children" are ignorant of the commonest duties and affairs of life which children in families must learn. The laws of heredity, and their bearing upon the problem of poverty and crime, are even less understood. There can be no permanent improvement until the work of reform is conducted in harmony with the laws of human nature, and Mrs. Wood's point is that the first duty is to discover those laws, so far as possible, and meanwhile to conform strictly to those that we do understand. Mrs. Cobb, of Philadelphia, read a paper upon "The Relation of States to their Dependent Children," in which she strenuously opposed orphan asylums as at present conducted, and urged that, where such institutions are necessary, they should be conducted upon the cottage or family plan. It is plain that the efforts of charitable reformers for some time to come will be directed to the improvement of the large foundling asylums and orphanages.

The discussion of the relation of women to labor reform brought out some interesting opinions. One speaker deprecated the agitation of Henry George and the labor organizations as productive only of harm, and others discussed the bearing of women's work upon the general problem. One of these declared that a seriously disturbing element of the problem is that so many women throw in their labor without any adequate reward. The first thing to be taught women is that it is not undignified or "lowering" in any way to work for pay, and that they should demand a just and fair equivalent for every particle of work they do. Another speaker also combated the theory that it is "ungentle" to work for pay, and declared that much of the present trouble among the working classes would be remedied if the really important work of the world could be measured and paid for in dollars and cents. If the world could only realize that the raising of children was as important as that of cattle and sheep, and mothers were as well paid in actual cash as shepherds, the change would go far to simplify the problem.

The broad-mindedness of the recent Congress was perhaps the most notable thing about it. There were present women-suffragists and anti-suffragists; women who work and those whose activity is expended in the home and in social life; philanthropists and women whose distinction is literary and artistic culture. To all these, large audiences of women listened with intelligent appreciation. The balance between the different subjects was well preserved, and the women who attended were given an outlook into diverse fields of knowledge which must be broadening and stimulating in its effect. Indeed, in America women are our nearest approach to the European ideal of a leisure class, that, being free from the cares of money-getting, shall be able to foster knowledge and culture for the nation at large. Not all the women who attend congresses and associations are free from the necessity of bread-winning, but they do devote to large questions of philanthropy and culture research and thought for which male Americans, as a whole, have not yet found time.

COMMERCIAL UNION IN CANADA.

COMMERCIAL UNION with the United States, the pet scheme of Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New York, is rapidly becoming the shibboleth of the Liberal party in Canada. So far, the leaders of that party have not committed themselves to an indorsement of such a commercial policy, but doubtless, when they think the time propitious, they will be outspoken enough.

The objections made to the scheme in Canada are, that it would ultimately lead to political union and the absorption of Canada by the United States; that, while it might remove the customs barrier separating Canada from this country, it would impose restrictions upon Canadian trade with all the rest of the world; and that the advantages to be secured by such increased trade facilities would not compensate Canada for the loss sustained by her in narrowing her trade relations with other countries.

The advocates of commercial union claim that the maritime Provinces have no natural trade with the upper Provinces, but with the New England States; that Ontario and Quebec have no natural trade relations with the lower or seaboard Provinces, but with the Central and other States adjoining them; and that Manitoba and British Columbia, in like manner, have natural trade relations with the adjoining sections of the United States, and not with other parts of Canada. In proof of this assumption, it is shown that while Ontario sends \$7,000,000 worth of barley, on which she pays fifteen cents per bushel duty, to the United States, and also a similar value of the products of her forest, on which high duty is also paid, and \$4,000,000 worth of animals and their produce, she sends scarcely anything to the maritime Provinces. The latter, in turn, send the products of their fisheries and mines to the United States, not to the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The advocates of commercial union with the United States also claim that it would not result in political union. One of the strongest demonstrations so far made in favor of the policy occurred last week at Toronto, where a permanent union organization, with Professor Goldwin Smith as president, was formed by a meeting of influential citizens.

It is rather a singular circumstance that, in discussing the subject of the commercial union of Canada with the United States,

Canadians seem to take it for granted that this country would agree at once to such a proposal were it made. This, it is scarcely necessary to say, is a most unwarranted assumption. The subject has never been discussed here, and though regarded of such paramount importance in Ontario, has not excited the slightest degree of interest among our people. When Congress meets the subject will doubtless be introduced to the notice of the House, which will probably be all the courtesy it will receive. In the Canadian Parliament the project will doubtless receive a more favorable reception, and many Liberals and a few Conservatives will possibly vote in favor of commercial union, should the subject be put to a vote in the House. Were an election held in Canada now, there can be but little question that an advocacy of commercial union with the United States would be insisted upon in the great majority of Liberal constituencies, and possibly in some Conservative as well. At present, however, it is apparent that the project was adopted as a *dernier ressort* by some of the leaders and many of the rank and file of the political outfit, as a bid for popular favor, to be finally adopted as a party cry should it be well received by the people.

ANOTHER BIOGRAPHY.

QUEEN VICTORIA is about to make her faithful lieges regret their enthusiasm over the Year of Jubilee. She is revising the proofs of a new and popular life of the Prince Consort, written by the Rev. William Tulloch. This indispensable work will also contain several anecdotes, now first contributed by Her Majesty; and, by special arrangement, we are enabled to present our readers with two of these.

"The Prince," writes the Empress of India, "possessed forethought and presence of mind in a degree little less than extraordinary and affecting. I remember that, on one occasion, we were walking in the open air at Windsor, when the sky became overcast and the rain began to fall from the clouds. I was in consternation, but the Prince, with his beautifully serene smile and peculiar courage, raised the umbrella which he held in his hand, ready for any untoward emergency, and under its impervious roof I walked on in safety beneath the pelting of the pitiless element. I am always filled with wonder when I think of the resources stored up in that remarkable mind."

The other reminiscence shows the Prince Consort in a light less familiar to the popular mind, but not less pleasing. Her Majesty says:—

"Fido was a charming little King Charles, with the softest brown eyes, and the longest and silkiest of ears. Need I add that he was a great favorite with the Prince and with myself? Many a time, when promenading at the evening hour on the Terrace, have we listened with responsive smiles to his small but cheerful bark. 'Where is Fido?' said the Prince, one morning. 'Fido was not to be found, and we were greatly alarmed.' 'Fido must be found,' said the Prince, in a grave voice, though his eyes were wonderfully bright; 'for I confide in Fido.' And with his musical laugh the merry jest became apparent, and the gloom which had oppressed our mutual thought passed away; and we were happy once again, for Fido was found."

We are glad to record another popular uprising in favor of clean municipal government, this time in Omaha, Neb. The Republican political bosses rejected certain admirable candidates for judicial chairs, and the result was a Republican revolt and a promising citizen's movement. These popular demonstrations sometimes fail of success for want of practical knowledge and organization, but they are significant of popular good sense and love of decency, and they mean the ultimate triumph of true democratic principles.

SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE WALLING tells in his book soon to be published the sequel to the stealing of the body of Alexander T. Stewart, thus dissolving the mystery that has hung about it for nine years. The sum paid the thieves was \$20,000, and the remains were delivered to a young relative of Mrs. Stewart, who went to a lonely part of Westchester County to receive them. They were then placed in the vault at Garden City. The story, as told by Superintendent Walling, is a strange one, and not such as to inspire confidence in the skill of our detective police. The thieves who conducted a long correspondence with General P. H. Jones and delivered the precious bag in a lonely lane in Westchester County ought to have been caught.

THE inflow of gold from Europe during the three months ending with October has been marked by several important and interesting features. It was a gradual and well-sustained supply, extending over a considerable period, and therefore the more healthful and beneficial. Its aggregate amount was \$27,157,569, and yet this sum was so equally drawn from England, France and Germany, that its loss was hardly felt abroad, while the good it did in this country was almost incalculable. It has helped to relieve the stringency that prevailed in the money market a few weeks ago, and has given a moderate stimulus to trade without tempting to over-speculation. The present year has been one of solid business prosperity—not of great profits, but of large transactions and moderate profits, which is the most desirable state of affairs that could exist.

THE last day of the present year is the fiftieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's ordination to the priesthood, and to celebrate this event in the readiest and most practical way, the American prelates have sent forth circular letters calling upon their flocks to show their devotion to the Holy See by contributing more liberally than ever to the annual Peter's Pence collection. This collection was taken up in the Catholic churches of New York, October 30th, and was a large one. The money is used for the support of Catholic missions, works of piety, and the necessary support of the Holy See. No Pope of modern times has been more beloved by the members of his own Church or more universally respected than Leo XIII., who has also greatly added to the strength of the Roman Church by the cordial relations he has established and maintained with almost every civilized nation on the globe.

THE Winter openings of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have presented many interesting and important features, but the exhibition just opened to the public is distinguished from its predecessors by the fact that it is composed of works of art which are the property of the museum. Heretofore, the museum has been obliged to borrow from private individuals in order to fill its galleries, and its exhibitions of modern art have consisted of loan collections. The munificent legacy of the late Catharine Lorillard Wolfe enables the museum to include among its own possessions a representation of modern art which is of distinguished quality. With most American collectors, modern art is synonymous with French art, and the Wolfe collection is strongest in the paintings of Gérôme, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Bonnat, Lefebvre, Fortuny, head of the Franco-Spanish school, Meissonier, Diaz, the landscape painters Rousseau and Corot, Meissonier's nearest rival, Barye, Fromentin, and other of the foremost representatives of French art in this and the last generation. There are examples of German art in paintings by Knaus, Meyer von Bremen and Max, and

among these is a Madonna, a strange subject for Knaus, the genre painter, which was originally designed for the Empress of Russia. This costly collection of modern art, ranking among the finest in this city, is now accessible to the public. Another important feature of the present exhibition is the large portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, presented to the museum by Mr. Junius S. Morgan. This is the best example of the great eighteenth-century English painter in this country. These paintings, together with the "1807" and "Horse Fair," and others from the Stewart collection, and the pictures by American and foreign artists presented by Messrs. Seney, Schaus and others, make the Winter exhibition of the museum the most important in its history.

THE Illinois friends of ex-Secretary Robert T. Lincoln are working up a boom in behalf of his nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln has repeatedly declared that he would not accept either the Presidential or Vice-presidential nomination if tendered to him on a silver platter; but his friends are not in the least deterred by his statements, and seem to be determined to present his name as a candidate, in spite of all he may say or do, to the next Republican Convention. Efforts are making to enlist Eastern Republicans in the movement, and it may possibly attain respectable dimensions, but there is hardly a possibility that it can ever amount to more than an element of disturbance to the canvass in behalf of Mr. Blaine in the State where it originates. Indeed, there are some indications that the object of those who are engineering the Lincoln boom is quite as much to prevent Illinois going to the Man from Maine as to promote the fortunes of their pretended favorite.

AN Indian has no rights which a white man is bound to respect—this is a doctrine upon which some of the settlers on the Western frontier habitually act, if they do not openly avow it. The story of the treatment of Eskimizin, a chief of the Apaches, and his followers, who adopted the ways of civilization nine years ago, and settled in the San Pedro Valley, would be treated as incredible if it was told by some ardent philanthropist, instead of appearing in the official report of an army officer. They have been maltreated in almost every possible way, and have finally been obliged to abandon their homes and flee to the reservation for protection. The old chief left a good house, 35 cattle, farming implements, 270 sacks of corn, a quantity of wheat and barley, a good wagon and harness and household furniture, abandoning everything to the whites. It has taken something more than Christian patience for these Indians to abstain from retaliation. Does the Government propose to do anything about it?

THE Western Union Telegraph Company sought to gain the credit of lowering rates in order to offset the criticisms which followed its purchase of the Baltimore and Ohio system. Its announcement was ingenious, but as a matter of fact it really meant an increase in rates, instead of a decrease. A small and loudly heralded decrease in the old Western Union rates was accompanied by a large advance in the Baltimore and Ohio, Mutual Union and Postal rates, which of course contribute to the Western Union coffers. The final result is that telegraph rates now are much higher than the average of the rates before the consolidation. The Baltimore and Ohio, which formerly furnished the public a fifteen-cent rate, now demands a forty-cent rate on business between New York and Washington and Chicago and St. Louis. Instead of decreasing rates on this business, there is an advance of 166 per cent. The Postal and Western Union officials at Chicago have also announced a discontinuance of rebates, which amounts to an advance. This is another practical lesson in the working of monopoly. If greedy children are given unchecked access to fruit-cake, there is no limiting their capacity, and the greed of Gould, Sage, et al., cannot be doubted. What the proper settlement of the question may be is not entirely evident, but it is clear that a few telegraph monopolies ought not to lord it over the whole continent.

THE Oil Producers' Protective Association has put into force the restriction of the production of oil to one-half the amount of July and August, this restriction to continue for a year. Drilling is to be stopped entirely for the same time, no nitro-glycerine is to be used and no wells are to be cleaned out. The general feature of this shut-down movement is that "the Standard Oil Company has set 5,000,000 barrels of oil at sixty-two cents a barrel, the profits on this to be divided among those producers who shut in their wells and comply with all the terms of the contract." The statement explains itself, and any consumers who may be dull of comprehension will be enlightened when their pockets are touched by a rise in the price of oil. That huge monopoly, the Standard Oil Company, not content with the millions already amassed, seeks to place an additional tax upon the people of the country. There is an attempt to palliate this outrage by the announcement that a "wage-fund" is to be raised for employes thrown out of work in consequence of the shut-down. In other words, a little aid is to be doled out to them as charity, and the balance of what their wages would amount to pocketed by the producers. But nothing is said of any "fund" for the relief of consumers. There is no sound economic reason for this "regulation" of the prices of the necessities of life, and it is time that such heartless speculation in the wants of the poor should be reached by stringent legislation.

It is an old story, but it will have to be told a good many times more before it is heeded. Americans are unable to compete with Europeans for the trade of Mexico and Central and South America simply because they do not adopt the means by which others secure it. The first of these is the encouragement of steamship lines between the United States and those countries. Cheap freights are an essential condition of successful competition; but the American steamship-owner without subsidy cannot make as low rates as the English, French or German owner who receives a large sum for every voyage sailed. A majority of the members of the American Congress understand this, and know that the foreign trade of the country can only be built up by a judicious system of steamship subsidies. The only obstacle to granting them is the foolish subsidophobia to which we referred a short time ago—the fear that constituencies, ignorant on the subject, will disapprove a policy that is right, and that is demanded by the highest commercial interests of the country. But there are other reasons why Americans do not compete successfully with English, French and German merchants in the countries to the south of us. American commercial travelers who have no knowledge of the wants of the people of those countries, and who, in many instances, have been unable to speak Spanish, have been sent out; reasonable credit, such as is allowed by the merchants of other countries, has been denied; American manufacturers have been negligent about filling orders promptly; they have not packed their goods properly, and in some instances have shipped goods that were inferior to the samples by which they were sold. If the trade in question is worth having—and it certainly is—it is worth the necessary measures to secure it. A failure to adopt them is not in accordance with the spirit of American enterprise.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



GENERAL CAFFAREL.



MADAME LIMOUZIN.



SAMOA.—EX-KING MALIETOA, DEPOSED BY THE GERMANS.

FRANCE.—THE WAR-OFFICE SCANDAL.



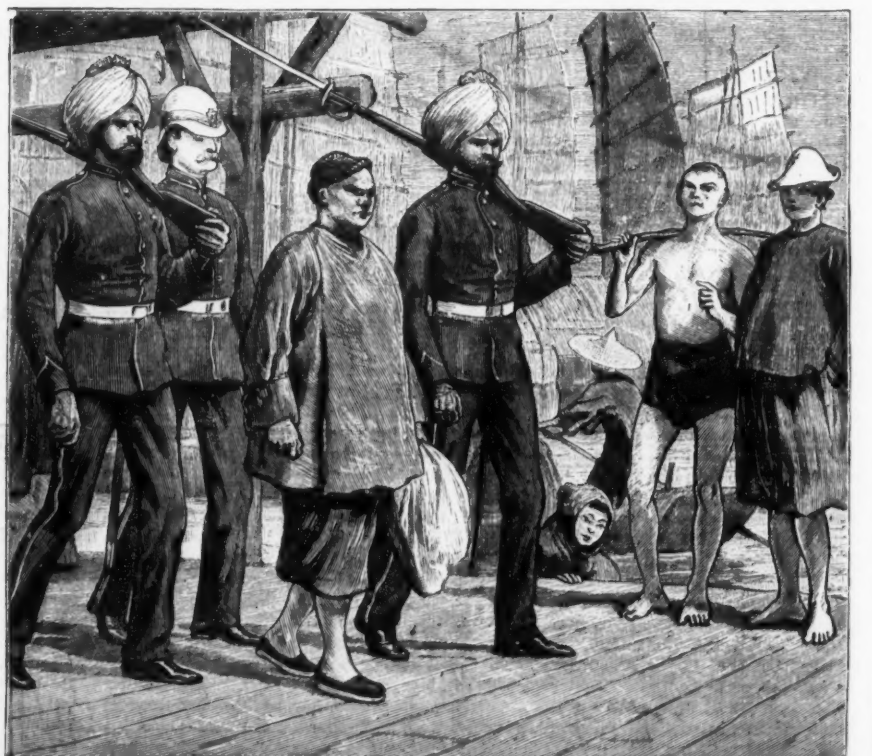
GERMANY.—THE VISIT OF PREMIER CRISPI, OF ITALY, TO PRINCE BISMARCK, AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE—A DRIVE IN THE PARK.



MEXICO.—MONUMENT TO GUATIMOCIN, THE LAST AZTEC EMPEROR (1520), ERECTED IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.



FRANCE.—GENERAL BOULANGER UNDER ARREST IN HIS QUARTERS AT CLERMONT-FERRAND.



CHINA.—CAPTURE OF THE PIRATE CHANG YEH, AT HONG KONG.



ELECTION DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE AT THE CLOSE OF THE POLLS.—TAMMANY HALL IN DANGER.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 212.

LIBERTY AND ANARCHY.

THE BIRDS AND THE TORCH.*

I.
A THOUSAND wings with the sea-foam flecked,
Gleaming of pearls and of amethyst,
Sped through the midnight and the mist
From the rock where the ship was wrecked.

II.
Over the bay and its racers white
The living cloud of wild birds flew,
Till far in the shadows a marvel grew—
A temple high-crowned with light.

III.
The lamps of the city twinkle afar,
Clearer the lines of a statue stand—
Then a noble form and a giant hand
Grasping a burning star.

IV.
This, the pillar of Right and Law
Towering aloft in Freedom's name,
A guide unto men like the column of flame
That Israel's lost tribes saw.

V.
With joyous cry such as sea-birds know
And give to the dawn from the dancing mast,
Into the halo of light they passed—
Bright sun-kissed flakes of snow.

VI.
As wild as priests of the Dervish sect,
Fast circled the maddening, gladdened flock,
Nor turned to the dark-ribbed, lonely rock—
The rock where the ship was wrecked.

VII.
Blind in the light and drunk with the heat,
Seeking new things in their mad surprise,
The sea-birds dash to the lantern's eyes,
And fall as the Autumn wheat.

VIII.
O foolish birds! O men from the East—
Brothers from over the troubled sea—
Why rush to the flood-light of Liberty
Like to guests unprepared for the feast?

IX.
O ye who seek for these New World gifts,
Know that there's peace and life's warm breath;
Know that there's madness and treason's death
By the torch that Freedom lifts.

X.
O stilled white wings with the sea-foam flecked,
There are empty nests where the racers run,
And ye never speed home with the morning sun
To the rock where the ship was wrecked.

JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

* Suggested by the illustration in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of October 15th, 1887.

PANSIES.

BY FANNIE ISABEL SHERRICK.

"GOOD-BY!" "It was a madness of farewells." The two stood looking into one another's eyes with blanched faces. Would he ever come back? Her wide eyes grew desolate as she looked at him. Then the lashes drooped over them, and she lay motionless against his breast for a second, as though the spirit had died within her.

"Jeannette—is this the girl fitted to be a soldier's wife? Have you no regard for my honor?" His voice quivered, but his eyes looked down upon her proudly.

"Yes," she roused herself bravely. "Your duty is at the front. I would not hold you back." She placed her hand on the bunch of pansies at her throat; royal beauties they were, with great velvety hearts of purple and gold.

"They are my colors," she whispered. "Wear them, my knight, and be true to your lady always." Her trembling fingers pinned them inside his coat.

"God be with you." She kept the tears back, smiling into his face, though the drum-beat sounding in the street below seemed like a death-knell. It was the signal to start. The signal for the volunteers, the brave men who were off for the Indian war—this dreadful war that had come like a blight upon her beautiful Western home.

"Good-by, and God bless you! The pansies will be my talisman."

A last look into the dreamy, lifted eyes, and he was away, riding down the street with a dash and a clatter into the midst of the excited men who were armed to the teeth, well mounted and equipped, ready to meet on his own battle-ground the Indian chieftain and his warlike band.

The most intense excitement raged in the mining camp. Ever since the news had come that the old chief was on the warpath, and the call had been made for volunteers to defend the settlers on the frontier, the town had been alive with men anxious to obtain the scalp of the blood-thirsty redskin.

Two days before the militia had been ordered out, and just as the setting sun was illuminating the red buttes in the valley the brave boys had marched away, the strains of the martial music sounding sadly in the ears of those who had loved ones in the ranks. And now these plucky volunteers were to follow. A determined set they were; most of them hardy mountaineers, as well trained to the saddle as cowboys, and as reckless of life and limb.

Among them none was more fearless or more brave than Ned Ashby. He was one of the young pioneers who had struck a bonanza in the mines. More than that (to use the phraseology of the mining camp), he had located a claim on the prettiest girl in town and patented it—a stroke of good luck that had made him more envied among the boys than even his mining shares in the "May Queen."

He shared the universal feeling of all people upon the frontier, that the red man must become civilized or "go." Too long these untamed citizens had committed their lawless depredations

and their fiendish outrages. The white settlers felt that their wrongs must be avenged. If the Government had handled these savages with gloved hands, all felt assured that the State would not. Hence this call for volunteers to defend the isolated ranchmen and their families.

Jeannette, standing at the window, gazed with a dumb despair at the horsemen riding down the valley. Among them none looked so handsome or so dashing as her own lover, whose warm kisses still lingered on her lips.

The tears rose slowly in her eyes as she looked after him. The world was so beautiful, why should it be marred by such a thing as war? Her eyes wandered away from the horsemen now lost in a cloud of dust to the fair mountain that hemmed her in.

It was September in Colorado, and the beautiful queen, Summer, was looking backward over the mountain, leaving her smiles on the blossoms and the green slopes that turned to gold and crimson as she passed.

Nowhere is the Autumn so perfect, so radiant with its gorgeous tints. The slumbering valleys are still emerald-tinted, and they stretch dreamily away to the lower mounts, met there by the warm tide of color. Masses of velvety amber, rose-flecked, reach upward to the snow-line, where the dark pines outline their sombre heads against the white background; and far away the ranges rise, ridge above ridge, peak above peak, in a purplish, misty splendor. Over all sweep the lights and shadows of the dreamy September noons, warning the crimson slopes to fiercer fires and deepening the gold tints in the odorless valleys. Nature is triumphant, for she has painted her *chef d'œuvre*, the grand masterpiece before which that puny artist, man, stands abashed and awed, knowing that no mortal brush can follow hers. It were folly to try to match the flame of her hill-sides or the royal purple of her ranges.

Yet upon this fair dreamland the blight had fallen—the blight of war. No wonder the hearts of women grew heavy as they watched the gallant soldiers out of sight.

The next three days were days of suspense and almost agony to the patient ones left at home. What if the brave little band should be ambushed in some narrow cañon, and brutally butchered, as were Thornburgh's companies? The Meeker massacre was too fresh in the minds of all concerned for them not to think of the terrible fate that might befall these courageous men, and when news came of their safe arrival on the Indian battle-ground, there was a rejoicing which was universal.

And with the good news came a letter for Jeannette from Ned—so full of tenderness for her, so full of courage and hope for himself. He expected to go on a scouting expedition the next day with Major R—, a dangerous affair, but his words were full of bravery and enthusiasm.

She trembled a little as she read, for she knew his fearless, self-willed nature, so ready to risk life and limb in the service of others.

Then passed many weary days and nights in which no word came—nights which she spent in prayer in the pretty chamber overlooking the vine-shadowed porch; nights when she looked out upon the silent, moonlit world, its shadowy, up-reaching mountains almost piercing the dim stars, with a dark foreboding of evil in her heart, trying in vain to still the tumult that fevered her brain. Ofttimes it seemed as if her every breath were a prayer.

Then came the news of a fierce battle between the Utes and the major's men, in which many were wounded on either side. Her father came home at noon with an open telegram in his hand.

She took it from him silently, reading:

"Edward Ashby was wounded in the battle of the—th instant."

She did not faint, though he had expected she would, but her face blanched—blanched until it was like marble—and her eyes grew large and black, glowing like stars.

"I must go," she said, "and nurse him."

"Dear child," he replied, his hand upon hers, "this is folly, the talk of insanity. You cannot go, Jeannette."

"But I will." The color leaped to her cheeks again, and her eyes flashed.

He could not say her nay then. He knew her nature too well. Thwarted in this desire, she would die.

"I cannot go with you, Jeannette. Can you go alone?"

"Yes," she drew herself up grandly. It was the proud right of the Western American girl. She knew no fear.

At six the next morning her favorite horse, Plato, stood at the door. He was a noble fellow, her faithful companion in every mountain adventure. Mounted on this splendid creature, her slender figure had long been a familiar one to the mountaineers. Her fearlessness, her womanliness, and her gracious acts of kindness and good-will had endeared her to every inhabitant of the camp.

"My dear philosopher—he will carry me safely through," she said, patting his arched neck affectionately, and laying her small hand for a moment against his own.

The sun was just lighting the far peaks. He had not peeped over the high mountains yet into the little valley where the quiet town lay asleep. All was in shadow—all, save the golden aspens, whose quivering leaves gleamed fitfully in the growing light.

At nightfall she was at the Springs, fifty miles away. It was a popular Summer resort, and many guests had been there, but at the first news of war most of them had fled to the Eastern towns.

At the hotel many people knew her, but they had only words of sympathy and encouragement for the brave girl. In that exciting time deeds of bravery like this, even, from women, were not rare.

The general, who had headquarters at the Springs, and who had heard of her arrival and her purpose, sent for her in the evening.

She came to him with eager eyes, awaiting the news which he had just received by courier from the scene of battle. Beyond the Springs there were no telegraph wires, and the couriers rode day and night over the dangerous Indian trails to bring the tidings.

"Is there—any—any news of him?" she faltered.

"Yes." The general's voice almost choked as he looked at her. How could he break the heart of this brave young creature, whose great love made her so beautiful, its unselfish purpose shining from every feature? How could he tell her the cruel truth, with those love-lit, starry eyes fixed so unflinchingly upon his?

"Child," he said, his hand upon hers, even as her father's had been, his eyes full of kindness, his stern voice suddenly tender, "your lover is dead. The courier just in states that he died yesterday afternoon."

Not one word came from her lips. The great eyes gave him one stricken look, and then she fell—fell just where she stood at his feet, like a helpless, broken reed.

He lifted her up gently and called for assistance. But in a little while she revived, rising to her feet with the old brave determination upon her pale face and in those deep, mournful eyes.

"I must go to him," she said. "They will bury him there, and I shall never look upon his face again. I must go!"

The general did not attempt to dissuade her. He felt almost reverent in the presence of such devotion. The gruff old soldier was moved by this girl's heart-break as no scene of battle had ever moved him.

"An escort of my best and bravest men shall accompany you," he said. "They will protect you and bring the body here."

"Thank you." It was all she could say, but tears of gratitude rose in her eyes as she bent low over his extended hand.

And then for the first time she learned the full particulars of her lover's exploit; how he had led the scouting party, rushing boldly into the very face of the foe, and by this action saving the military from the ambush the savages had prepared for them. In a moment the battle had begun, but ere his comrades were hand to hand with the redskins, who seemed to lurk behind every bush and tree, this bold young soldier had met his fate, falling with his face to the foe.

"At least he died like a hero," her heart whispered whenever the bitterness of her woe threatened to overwhelm her.

Two days later, after a long and weary journey, her little party reached the soldiers' camp. The boys had intrenched themselves behind a small knoll overlooking the surrounding country, fortifying themselves with earthworks against any attack from the Indians. The flag of truce was up, however, and all things seemed for the present peaceful.

The soldiers looked with astonishment at the small cavalcade came upon them, that girlish figure in their midst, her fair face tinged by the sun and wind into a warmer beauty, her dark eyes resplendent with dauntless courage. For many, many miles back her straight form had drooped, not as though with physical weariness, but as though the spirit within her were slowly dying. Next to her heart she wore his letter—the last words his dear hand had penned. She did not need to read them, for every word was graven upon her memory, but the burden of their warm love, now dead to her for ever, was pressing more and more heavily upon her tender heart.

But now, at sight of these soldiers, all her pride uprose. She sat erect in the saddle, the color coming and going in her face, her eyes glowing. She raised her head nobly, as became the woman who had been loved by a hero.

At sight of her the boys raised a cheer. Many of the militia knew her, and they were proud of her. They knew her for what she was—a brave, heroic girl, purely, sweetly womanly, yet ready as any of her brothers to take the weapons from her belt and defend her life or that of any she loved—a girl imbued with all the glory and the strength of her native mountains.

She acknowledged their cheers with a sweet, grave dignity; then the leading officer in her escort whispered something to the major ere he helped her to dismount.

She caught the reply. It made her tremble; but with the suspicion of a great joy, not a sorrow.

"Not dead!" were the words which came from her white lips with a gasp.

"No"—the major came to her side quickly—"the courier made a mistake. It was Ned Sampson who died. Ashley still lives, though he lies still almost at death's door."

All a mistake—all a horrible dream!—oh! such happiness was almost impossible to realize! Giving her hand to the major, she almost leaped from the saddle. Her feet seemed, like the winged Mercury's, to speed to him.

The major led the way into the tent where the wounded man lay, motioning the guard aside. Then he left her, followed by the young officer who had been in attendance.

Alone, the girl threw herself on her knees beside her lover. But there was no recognition for her in the deep-blue eyes—those proud, brave eyes that had never met her own save in love and tenderness. He was unconscious, with the delirium of the fever upon him. The words he murmured were of the battle-field, not of the brave girl who had ridden so many, many weary miles just to look upon his dead face.

Taking up the hand that lay so helpless against the rough blankets, she pressed it to her lips; and then, for the first time, the tears fell from her eyes—fell in a hot, blinding mist. What pain and

anguish had not done, joy now accomplished—joy that he still lived, and that she had reached him in time to give all her young life to his care and service.

His coat—the one he had worn when parting from her—lay on the bed. Her eyes darkened as she saw the stains of blood and the bullet-hole. She took it in her hands, examining it keenly. There were the pansies, faded and worn, still pinned inside. The bullet had passed through just above them.

"Had the bullet struck him an inch lower," one of the men afterwards told her, "it would have proved fatal."

Perhaps the pansies, by some subtle influence, had saved him; perhaps her own spirit, in that moment of agony, had passed into them, making them indeed a real talisman to protect him. She loved to think this—that God had answered her earnest prayers by investing these, her chosen flowers, with the power to save his life.

It was only a girlish fancy, but it made her happy. She took the dead, sweet blossoms and laid them tenderly away. Until they became as dust these faded flowers would be sacredly cherished.

The next few days brought with them endless care and anxiety. His life hung by a thread. A woman the men had rescued from an adjoining ranch came to assist Jeannette and not one of the soldiers but what would have risked his life to have done her service. Her gentle manners won them all, and her patient love, so pure and brave in its devotion, made them feel as never before the high grace and worth of womanhood.

The officers were untiring in their attention to the wounded man, and gave the girl relief at every opportunity. Still it was a weary task, and when at last he was pronounced out of danger, she, worn out with incessant watching, fell into a stupor from which they could not arouse her for hours.

All this time the camp had not been without menace, but the redskins had been kept at bay until the arrival of fresh troops. Through all this danger, Jeannette had been unwavering. Not one expression of fear had passed her lips, though she, like all the rest, drew a sigh of relief when the troops arrived.

Then followed a hot pursuit of the Indians; they were pushed back to the reservation.

Jeannette came to Ned's bedside one day with a look of joy upon her lovely face. It was like a transfiguration.

"Ned," she cried, with a return of her old life and spirits, "the war is over. Peace is declared, and we are going to take you home to-morrow."

For answer, he silently pressed the small, warm hand that crept into his own. Whenever was there a sweetheart so tender and true, so beautiful and brave!

When they reached the Springs, loud and wild were the cheers given for the brave boys returning from the war; and not only for the boys, but for the brave girl who had dared to go to the front for love's sake. Under the glorious sweep of the spangled flag she rode, her cheeks aflame like the crimson slopes, and her eyes splendid with the sunlight of love.

"I know it was the pansies that saved you," she whispered to Ned, when they stood once more together under the shadow of their own beautiful, royal-tinted mountains. "The pansies have human faces, and I believe God has invested every blossom with graces and power, which we do not comprehend."

Her tall lover looked down upon the sweet face uplifted to his, smiling at the girlish folly, yet touched by the pure faith in it.

And, after all, who shall say that she was not right?—that God has not left His divine impress upon the beautiful, wind-tossed blossoms, as upon our own human, up-reaching souls? The mysteries of the spirit world so close to our own are unfathomable.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON, S. C., is a remarkable city. Its history stretches back to colonial days. It was an important strategic point in the War of the Revolution. Among its hotheaded and imperious public men the seeds of disunion were nurtured until the War of the Rebellion began, and then it acquired the cognomen of "the cradle of secession." During the Civil War, the old town was shattered by shells from the Federal guns; and then came the period of Reconstruction, when the public treasury was plundered and the servant was above the master. But this was not by any means all of the unmerciful disaster which seems to have followed Charleston for generations. In 1885 the city was visited by a cyclone which destroyed property valued at \$5,000,000. Last year it seemed as if the hour of doom had struck. The story of the fearful earthquake of August 31st, 1886, can never be forgotten. It wrought the almost total destruction of an entire city. It made sixty thousand people homeless. It scotched the wheels of commerce. It excited the sympathy of the Christian world. It proved the heroic stuff of which the Charleston people are made. They did not sit down in despair and grieve as if they had no hope, but they went manfully to work, and to-day Charleston is, for all its chastening, a brighter, more progressive and thoroughly modern city than it ever could have been had it not been shaken to pieces.

During the past week the Charleston people celebrated by a grand popular carnival its recovery from the ruin of the earthquake. The story of Charleston's resurrection is unparalleled in the history of Southern cities. During the past year it did a business of more than \$66,000,000, and this Fall it has beaten all previous records. It is ahead on cotton, on groceries, on drygoods, and now it is ahead of most of its competitors in carnivals. It rained at Macon, there was a perfect deluge in Atlanta, but in Charleston it was all blue skies and brilliant sunshine and balmy breezes.

More than two months ago the business men of Charleston determined to celebrate the resurrection of the city with all of the effects that magic and art could command. One day was not enough.

The promoters of the enterprise determined to devote an entire week to the festival. It began on Monday night of last week, and ended on Saturday night following. Cheap railroad rates attracted at least fifty thousand strangers to the city, on whom public notice was served, with that spirit of hospitality which is characteristic of the people of the city, that everybody was at home. And they made themselves at home. They went everywhere, saw everything, and were struck with absolute wonder at what their eyes beheld.

The city was wrapped up in United States flags. They floated from every housetop. They fluttered in the breeze from every masthead. They were draped over the lintels of the doors, and the very walls were covered with them. The six triumphal arches, placed at the intersections of the principal streets, were clad in red, white and blue, and string after string of Chinese lanterns hung across the streets, and at night resembled so many brilliant jewels against the setting of the sky.

Besides the decorations, the Charleston people had boat races and donkey races; day fireworks and night fireworks; rowing races and pilot-boat races; horse races for five days; a gorgeous Venetian display, in which the tugs, illuminated from stem to stern, took their tortuous way through the dark-blue waters of the bay. Fort Sumter, Castle Pinckney and Fort Ripley were hung with lanterns, and everywhere there was a wealth of coloring and a richness of lights that rivaled in their brilliancy and effects the most enchanting pictures of Aladdin's palace.

In the midst of all this carnival of fun there was not one political speech, not one speech of any kind, and the visitors to Charleston went home with hearts lightened and full of a week of unalloyed and unexampled enjoyment.

Next year Charleston will give another exhibition. It will invite all the States from Maryland to Florida to take part in an exposition which will illustrate the material wealth upon which Providence has showered its bounty. The Union will be invited to Charleston, so that where the cradle of secession was first rocked the influences may be placed in motion which will lead to the closer cementing of that common country whose flag floats over all.

DISASTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

ONE of the worst disasters known on the Great Lakes, of late years, occurred on Lake Michigan during the severe gale on the night of the 29th ult., when the propeller *Vernon* foundered, and her crew and passengers, about thirty persons in all, perished. Only one man survived to tell of the vessel's fate. This man was one of the crew, and his name is Alfred Stone. He was picked up by the schooner *Pomeroy*, of Chicago, after having been sixty hours in the water, exposed to a bitter wind, and without a morsel to eat. When the *Pomeroy* discovered him by moonlight on the raft about eight miles from Sheboygan, Stone was so cold as to be almost helpless, and so weak from hunger that he could scarcely move. He was finally able to tell the following story of his thrilling experience:

"I was awakened in the middle of the night by the cries of the passengers and crew that the vessel was sinking. I sprang out of the window and found myself on a life-raft with six other persons. I cannot say now who my companions were. Part of them were members of the crew and part were passengers. It seemed only a moment before the vessel had gone down, and I believe that all but a few of those on board went down with her.

"We passed through an awful night. I think I never saw such a sea as that which tossed our little raft at its mercy. When daylight came we hoisted a signal of distress, using a coat tied to an oar. Two vessels passed so near us on Saturday that they must have seen our signal, yet for some reason they apparently made no effort to reach us. The storm still raged, and it may be that they had all they could do to save themselves. One after another of my companions perished in the cold or was washed off the raft when they became too numb with the cold to hold on any longer. We never saw any others from the sunken steamer. The vessel went down so suddenly that the crew hadn't time to man the boats."

When Stone was picked up there was the corpse of one man on the raft with him, the other four having perished several hours before. His story of the probable fate of the crew and the passengers was confirmed on Tuesday of last week, when five fishing-tugs went out from Two Rivers, Wis., and brought back the bodies of seventeen men and two women who had been aboard the foundered propeller. This made twenty-two bodies that were recovered.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE FRENCH ARMY SCANDAL.

We give this week portraits of General Caffarel and Madame Limouzin, two of the personages chiefly implicated in the great scandal of the French War Office, caused by the traffic in decorations of the Legion of Honor. General Caffarel is fifty-eight years old, and has one of the most brilliant records in the French army, and was Officer d'Ordre to Napoleon III. He is a fine, military-looking man, with black, flashing eyes, gray hair and waxed, gray mustaches. He was regarded as a protégé of General Boulanger, who made him Commander of the Legion of Honor and Sons Chef d'Etat Major at Ministry of War. General Caffarel's father was also a distinguished general under Napoleon I. The way in which the startling discovery of the traffic in decorations was made by the secret police is like a *vaudeville*. It happened that information was brought to the secret police that certain irregular operations were being carried on by a little, black-eyed, hump-backed woman named Madame Limouzin, living in a cozy little apartment at 32 Avenue Wagram, who had been the mistress of an ex-Minister of War. The police came to the conclusion that whatever General Caffarel might or might not know about the sale of decorations as one of the Grand Commanders of the Legion of Honor, certain ladies in Paris had a perfect knowledge of the whole transaction. One of the most trusted detectives waited upon one of the ladies, and personating a wealthy silk manufacturer, whose heart's desire was to wear the ribbon of the Legion, intimated that her influence with General Caffarel would be sufficient to secure the honor, and that he was willing to pay any price for it. The trap was sprung at the right time, and the arrest of General Caffarel and of two ladies followed. One of these ladies was Madame Limouzin; the other was Madame Ratazzi, a granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and whose arrest, when taken in connection with the antecedents of General

Caffarel, gives the whole plot a Bonapartist flavor. Madame Limouzin protested that Caffarel was innocent, and charged the venerable General d'Audlan, a Senator and a general, who was regarded as one of the ablest, most upright, most incorrupt generals in the French army, with having really committed the crime with which General Caffarel was charged. Color was given to this charge by the flight of General d'Audlan from Paris to escape arrest. His whereabouts is still unknown; but on Wednesday of last week one of his friends and a supposed accomplice committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver as the police were about to arrest him. Most serious of all, undoubtedly, are the political complications ensuing from the charges, apparently only but too well founded, brought against M. Wilson, the son-in-law of President Grévy, concerning his complicity in the decoration scandals. On the 25th ult., a very turbulent meeting was held at Tours, which is represented in the Chamber of Deputies by M. Wilson, whereby by a small majority a resolution was adopted declaring that M. Wilson had betrayed his trust, and that he must resign. He undertook to defend himself, but was hooted down. The climax of indignation was, however, reached on M. Wilson refusing to answer the charge of using President Grévy's franking mark. His efforts to clear himself proved ineffective, and the meeting closed at midnight in great disorder, the crowd shouting: "Resign! Resign! Vive Boulanger!" M. Wilson has since made restitution of over 40,000 francs to cover the postage on matter he franked with President Grévy's stamp during the time he resided at the Palace of the Elysée. Meanwhile, the committee appointed to consider the expediency of inquiring into the Caffarel scandals, recommends the appointment of another committee which shall be charged to proceed with the inquiry, and which shall be composed of twenty-two members who shall be balloted for by *scrutin de liste*. General Boulanger remains in the temporary seclusion, but not dishonor, of his technical arrest for one month, in his military headquarters at Clermont-Ferrand, as a consequence of his indignant declaration that the Caffarel scandal was worked up by his enemy General Ferron, for the purpose of injuring him.

THE DEPOSITION OF KING MALIETOA.

The portrait of Malietao, the deposed King of the Samoan Islands, represents a dark-skinned, intelligent-looking Polynesian, not yet middle-aged, and dressed in European costume. The steamer *Zealandia*, from Australia, arrived at San Francisco last week, bringing full details of the surrender of Malietao to the German officials. There is also to hand by this steamer a letter of protest written by the King to the American and British Consuls on the islands a day or two before his surrender. Malietao declares that he yielded to the German forces at the request of the foreign representatives at Samoa, and in order to prevent the slaughter of his people.

CRISPI AND BISMARCK.

A reminiscence of the visit of Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier, to Prince Bismarck, at the latter's home at Friedrichsruhe, is found in the picture of the two statesmen enjoying together a drive through the park of that princely estate. The scene is of historic interest: for it was this visit, as the world knows, that confirmed the new triple alliance, by which Italy casts her lot with the two great German empires.

THE MONUMENT TO GUATIMOCIN.

Mexico has just reared and dedicated, on a conspicuous site in the capital, a splendid monument to Guatimocin, nephew and son-in-law of Montezuma, and the last of the Aztec Emperors of Mexico, with whose heroic career and tragic fate every reader of Prescott is familiar. He was born about 1495, ascended the throne in 1520, defended his capital against the army of Cortes in 1521, and was captured, tortured, and finally executed by the Spaniards, in 1525. The bronze statue surmounting the monument is by D. Miguel Noreña, Professor in the National School of Arts; and the pedestal, which is appropriately ornamented with Aztec emblems, was designed by an eminent native architect.

THE END OF A CHINESE PIRATE.

Piracy still exists in the Chinese Seas, notwithstanding the vigilance of European cruisers, and Hong Kong has long been looked upon as a sanctuary for these ruffians. Recently, however, several pirates have been taken, and notably a notorious pirate chief, Chang Chi, who, on being captured by the British authorities, was handed over to and executed by the Chinese Government. The British authorities also captured Chang Yeh, the alleged lieutenant of Chang Chi, and who had been concerned with him in various piratical and bloodthirsty deeds off the coast of Fokien. A sergeant and guard escorted him on board a launch, and conveyed him to one of the Canton gunboats, where he was received into Chinese official hands. The gunboat soon afterwards bore him off to Canton, to meet the long fate of his alleged piratical superior. It is gratifying to know that the Hong Kong Government stipulated as a condition for handing him over that, in the event of the man being found guilty by the Chinese tribunal, he should not be subjected to any torture, or barbarous and cruel method of execution.

SWITZERLAND'S CITIZEN ARMY.

UNDER the Federal Constitution every able-bodied citizen is liable to military duty from his twentieth to his forty-fourth year—the first twelve years in the regular army, the last twelve in the reserve or landwehr. There is also a third corps, known as the landsturm, or home guard, only liable in case of emergency, and composed of youths between seventeen and twenty and men between forty-four and fifty-five years of age.

The training of the Swiss as a soldier begins with his early boyhood. At ten years of age he commences gymnastic exercises at the public school, attendance being obligatory; at twelve, drill with iron rods as a substitute for guns, and at fourteen shooting at a mark with a species of bow-gun, are added. At sixteen, company drill in the school of the soldier is introduced; and between seventeen and eighteen the rifle is put into the youth's hands, and he is thoroughly instructed in its care and use. All this is part of his regular school training and education. His next instruction is acquired in one of the numerous schutzen vereins—volunteer societies for improvement in marksmanship. The Government encourages them by paying for a liberal share of the powder and ball used in their incessant practice. In return for this the Government exacts that every citizen liable for military duty shall fire thirty ball cartridges per year at a target.

The Swiss youth arrived at his twentieth year, already a trained gymnast and a practiced marksman, is enrolled as a defender of the Fatherland and goes into barracks as a recruit. He receives, free of charge, his weapon, equipment and uniform, which remain in his personal possession during his whole term of service, being taken with him to his home and kept always within easy reach. If in the infantry he remains for 45 days; in the cavalry, for 60 days; and in the artillery, for 56 days—and then returns to his home, taking his arms, equipment and uniform with him. The remainder of his barrack service is so distributed over his twenty-four years' period of liability as to be scarcely felt in his ordinary civil pursuits. In the infantry he serves in all for 117 days; in the cavalry, 188 and in the artillery 146 days—during the entire twenty-four years. This is no serious interruption to the ordinary pursuits of the citizen soldier.

Each canton furnishes a quota of troops based upon its population, the aggregate regular force amounting to 96 battalions of infantry of 774 men each, 8 battalions of sharpshooters of 770 men each, 24 squadrons of dragoons of 124 men each, 48 field batteries each numbering 160 men with six steel rifled cannon of 84 millimeters calibre, 2 mountain batteries and 10 companies heavy artillery. This entire force is organized into eight divisions. The aggregate strength of a division ready to take the field is 12,264 men, 2,284 horses and 396 vehicles, of which 36 are cannon. The aggregate strength of the entire eight regular divisions, if mobilized, would be about 100,000 men, 20,000 horses, 3,000 vehicles (including 288 field and 12 mountain cannon) and about 1,200 heavy artillerymen.

The above figures refer only to the regular troops—those between the ages of twenty and thirty-two. The organization of the reserve or landwehr—comprising those between thirty-two and forty-four years of age—is similar in all respects, save as regards the artillery. The total strength of its eight divisions is estimated at 80,000 men. Add to these, and to the regular troops, the volunteers, both under and above age, who in any time of public peril would flock to their country's standard, and it is easy to understand that the assertion that Switzerland could put 200,000 men under arms in an emergency is no idle boast.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE petition to the Governor of Kansas for clemency in the case of the druggist's clerk who was sentenced to seventeen years' imprisonment and \$20,000 fine for selling liquor was successful, and the term has been reduced to six months.

MR. GLADSTONE writes to an admirer who wanted a chip from one of the trees felled at Hawarden that applications may be made to Mr. H. E. Gladstone, at Hawarden Rectory, who has some small articles for disposal at from six cents to twenty-four cents each, the proceeds going to parochial purposes. The trade in these relics has become very large since it was first announced some weeks since.

THE success of the company which started in San Francisco to supply business offices with clean towels and soap for a very moderate sum per week has caused the formation of all sorts of peculiar companies and business ventures. A firm of rat-catchers is doing such a prosperous business that it has established very ornate carts on which its business card is inscribed, and which one sees in all parts of the town. The latest enterprise is the Chicago Sidewalk Association. The idea is to make yearly contracts with the storekeepers and owners of blocks in the business portion of the city, and in consideration of a stated sum to keep their sidewalks clean the year round.

MR. STRAUS, the United States Minister to Turkey, has won golden opinions from the whole English-speaking colony, and from the missionaries in particular, by his energy in looking out for their interests and by the large influence he has established with the Mohammedan authorities. Recently a case rose in Smyrna which was a climax to a long series of annoyances and oppressive acts that our citizens had been subjected to there. An American named John Ofery, was forcibly ejected from the occupation of certain vineyards without process of law, and in the teeth of our Consul's protests. Minister Straus went to the Porte and got for the Governor-general of Smyrna such a reprimand, that he will not venture on such a thing again in a hurry.

THE plan of defense by mortar and gun batteries recommended by the Board of Engineers will involve an expenditure during the next fiscal year of \$2,840,000, which it is proposed, Chief of Engineers Duane says, to divide among the different ports as follows: New York, \$690,000; San Francisco, \$460,000; Boston, \$280,000; Hampton Roads, \$250,000; New Orleans, \$210,000; Philadelphia, \$210,000; Washington, \$80,000; Baltimore, \$80,000; Portland, \$290,000, and Narragansett Bay, \$290,000. The plan also contemplates the preparation of casemates, cable-shafts, etc., to the number of 26, distributed as follows: At New York, 5; San Francisco, 5; Boston, 5; Hampton Roads, 2; Philadelphia, 2; Washington, 1; Baltimore, 1; Portland, 3, and Narragansett Bay, 2.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 29TH.—In Lancaster, Pa., the Rev. John Kohr, Bishop of the Reformed Mennonite Church, aged 80 years; in New York, the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Price, aged 88 years. OCTOBER 30TH.—In Chicago, Ill., James O. Brayman, journalist, aged 72 years; in Chicago, Ill., James St. Clair Boal, Assistant United States District Attorney in that city; in Asheville, N. C., David Morgan, President of the Republic Iron Co., at Marquette, Mich., aged 68 years. OCTOBER 31ST.—In Edwardsburg, Mich., Hon. George Redfield, aged 92 years; in London, England, Sir George Alexander Macfarren, Professor of Music at Cambridge, aged 74 years; in Newport, R. I., Seth Bateman, an old and prominent citizen, aged 85 years. NOVEMBER 1ST.—Killed by falling from a train, near Salem, Va., Naval Surgeon George Arthur. NOVEMBER 2d.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Richard H. Manning, a well-known business man of New York, aged 78 years; in Jersey City, N. J., Samuel M. Chambers, well-known in local politics, aged 72 years; in Pittsfield, Mass., ex Senator Samuel W. Bowerman, aged 67 years; in London, England, Jenny Lind (Mme. Goldschmidt), the famous Swedish singer, aged 66 years. NOVEMBER 3d.—In Smithville, N. J., Hezekiah B. Smith, manufacturer and inventor, aged 71 years; in Albany, N. Y., Dr. Henry A. Holmes, State Librarian, aged 75 years; in Springfield, Mass., the Rev. A. K. Potter, D.D., of Boston.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. SACHS, the St. Louis cook who threw the pancake at Mrs. Cleveland, is now on exhibition in a Dime Museum.

JAY GOULD and his family sailed for Europe on the 25th ult. His yacht had gone before him, and he will join it at Gibraltar.

M. MEISSONIER, the painter, shows symptoms of paralysis in one of his thumbs. His physicians have ordered him to take a long rest.

SECRETARY WHITNEY has been somewhat seriously ill from overwork, and will not return to Washington from New York for some weeks.

MME. EMMA NEVADA has scored an immense success in "Sonnambula" at Lisbon, having been recalled three times at the close of the performance.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS is contemplating a visit to America notwithstanding her advanced age. She is seventy-three years old, but enjoys good health.

ATLANTA business men have given Mr. Henry W. Grady a silver tea service worth \$1,200, in appreciation of his services in connection with the Piedmont Exposition.

It is now settled that the late W. E. Forster will have a memorial in Westminster Abbey and a bronze statue, to be erected in London on a site shortly to be chosen.

MRS. TRACY, of Buffalo, who is better known by her stage name of Agnes Ethel, is said to be the purchaser of Vedder's famous drawings of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

THE Earl of Lytton has been appointed to succeed Lord Lyons as British Ambassador at Paris. The Queen will bestow an earldom on Lord Lyons on his retirement from diplomatic life.

PRINCESS OLYMPIA BARIATINSKI, whose gowns are the talk and wonder of all feminine Paris, is one of the Czar's confidential emissaries to crowned heads. It is said that she is now intrusted with a private mission to Emperor William.

THE LONDON *Lancet* learns from trustworthy authority near the German Crown Prince that the inflammation of the larynx is less in degree and more limited in extent. His voice is clearer and stronger. The general health of the Crown Prince is excellent.

THE so-called Andover Controversy has got into the courts, Professor Egbert C. Smyth, of the Seminary, having appealed to the Supreme Court for Essex County, in Massachusetts, against the findings of the Board of Visitors of that institution removing him from his position.

SECRETARY BAYARD, it is said, will shortly marry Miss Sophie Dallas Markoe, who comes of a distinguished family. Her father dying a poor man, Miss Markoe has been employed in the State Department since 1879 or 1880, as has also her sister Mary, who has charge of the translation of foreign letters.

MME. PATTI will leave her castle, Craig-y-Nois, in South Wales, November 15th, for a concert tour of the British Provinces, which will continue until December 6th. After that she will sing in Paris, Lisbon, Madrid and London, whence she will go in March to Buenos Ayres, accompanied by Maurice Gran, to fulfill an engagement for a South American tour.

It is not surprising that the German Emperor is successful in his deer-hunting expeditions. He sits in an easy-chair and the creatures are driven along in a herd at a distance of less than twenty yards from his gun, which is handed to him by a jager as they approach. It is difficult to conceive how any humane man can derive either pleasure or satisfaction from such stupid butchery.

MARY ANDERSON, who is playing in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" at Mr. Irving's Lyceum Theatre in London, wears in her character of *Hermione* a necklace which is a copy of one supposed to have been worn by Helen of Troy, on exhibition in the South Kensington Museum. Her cloak was embroidered by twenty-five women, and it took them three weeks to make it. It was designed by Alma Tadema.

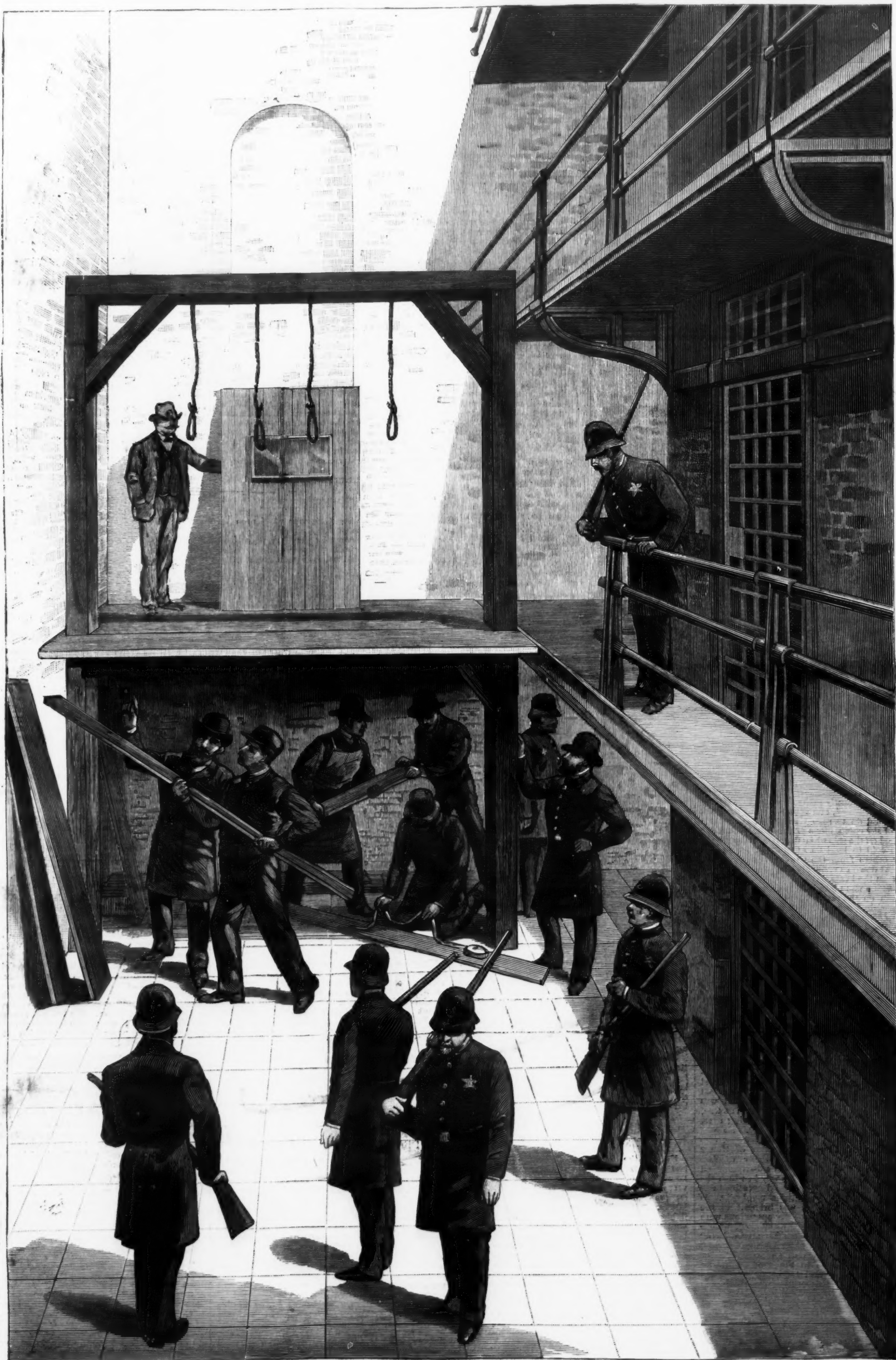
EX-SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE W. WALLING'S newly published work, of six hundred pages, entitled "Recollections of a New York Chief of Police," is a thrilling review of his thirty-eight years' experience as patrolman, detective, captain, inspector and chief. One of its most sensational chapters is that which gives the history of the theft and recovery of the body of the late A. T. Stewart.

JENNY LIND (Mme. Goldschmidt), the celebrated Swedish singer, is dead. She was sixty-six years of age. She had been seriously ill for some weeks. She retired from the stage after her marriage in America in 1852, but reappeared at various concerts in aid of charities. She had not appeared in public since 1866. Her death took place on the 2d inst. at Malvern, near London, to which place she was removed after her fatal illness set in.

MR. D. K. PEARSONS, of Chicago, has just given away nearly \$200,000 to local charities. His first gift was to the Young Men's Christian Association, and consists of a block of buildings, the income of which is to be used in forwarding the Association work. His other gifts are to the Woman's Presbyterian Board of the Northwest, to the Chicago Congregational Seminary, and to the Presbyterian Seminary, each of which receives \$50,000 worth of real estate.

THE sensation produced in England by the Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's secession from the Baptist communion is considerable, but the event had for some time been expected and predicted. The Established Church of England looks on with calmness, but Non-conformists outside as well as inside the Baptist Union discuss the subject keenly. The truth is that Mr. Spurgeon in matters theological belongs to the old guard, and his withdrawal is meant as a protest against the growing spirit of toleration with reference to mere dogma.

THE conviction under the Crimes Act of William O'Brien on the charge of seditious utterances has been confirmed by the Court of Appeals, and O'Brien will probably pass the Winter in prison. He was accompanied to the jail at Cork by a number of Irish officials, and an immense crowd of sympathizing friends followed the car in which he rode. There was intense excitement, but happily no outbreak. Subsequently he was conveyed to Tullamore Jail, fifty miles from Dublin. The cell in which he is confined is 8 feet long and 6 feet wide. He has given warning to the Governor of the jail that he will refuse to do menial offices, wear the prison garb, or associate with criminals. The Governor will await official notification from the General Prisons Board before enforcing their decision that Mr. O'Brien should be treated as an ordinary prisoner.



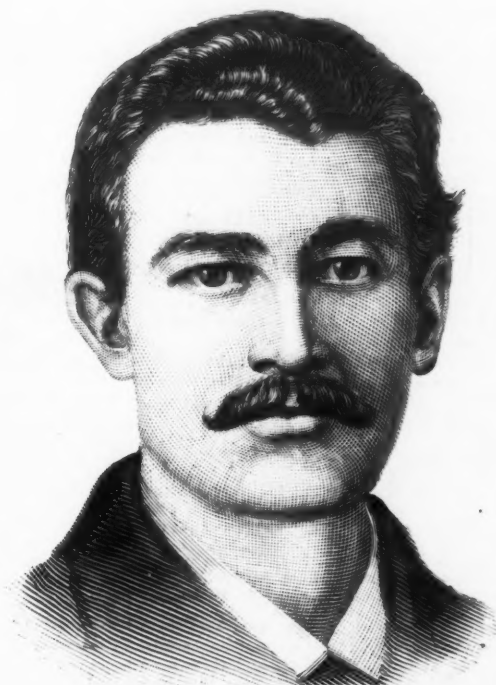
ILLINOIS.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH—PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION OF THE CONDEMNED ANARCHISTS, IN THE NORTH CORRIDOR OF THE COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO.
FROM A SKETCH BY WILL E. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 202.



A. R. PARSONS.



SAMUEL FIELDEN.



LOUIS LINGG.



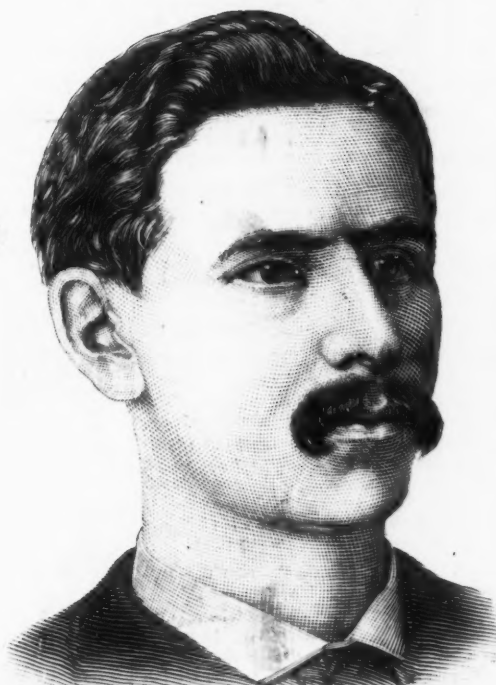
AUGUST SPIES.



MICHAEL SCHWAB.



GEORGE ENGEL.



ADOLPH FISCHER.

ILLINOIS.—PORTRAITS OF THE CONDEMNED CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.
FROM OFFICIAL PHOTOS. BY STEVENS.—SEE PAGE 202

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varratz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—SOME CRISES IN THE CASE.

THE day that saw matters reach the crisis recorded in the last chapter saw several other crises in the lives of various of our actors in this somewhat complicated drama of human life. It must be my task to deal with some of them.

A crisis came in the affairs of Mrs. Thomas Girtton. That is, perhaps, only another way of stating that there was a crisis in the life of a certain gentleman by the name of De Laishe. Mrs. Thomas Girtton and the colonel had gotten themselves freely talked about recently; some of those persons who had said that Paul and Ethel were made for one another, and said it in a tone that was a compliment to them both, had said Mrs. Girtton and the colonel were intended by nature for each other, too, and the tone had had in it nothing of compliment for either. Mrs. Girtton had been looking for a crisis; she had been rather anxiously looking for one; she hadn't felt at all sure what form it would take—how it would come about; things had come to such a pass that she didn't think she really cared.

The starting-point of the crisis in the lives of these two was a letter received by Mrs. Girtton. The colonel didn't know it. But that is only one of the many facts which might be adduced to prove that he didn't know everything. This is the letter which came to Mrs. Girtton:

"MY DARLING MINNIE: The house is as desolate as a tomb. The old lady sleeps more than ever. I am lonely, cross, and almost sick. I am not going to stand this solitude much longer.

"I begin to think I shall have to give up the whole affair you set me at. I cannot get hold of a single clew anywhere. Advertising does no good. Paul Walldon seems to have been well hidden, so well hidden, that he cannot be found. I thought I had a clew, a while ago; there was undoubtedly a man of that name living in New York, and there were certain things in the description I got of him that were not unlike the Paul Walldon we knew. Well, I investigated; I paid several men an immense amount of money; I spent a tremendous amount of time in correspondence. And what do you think I found? That he wasn't our Paul Walldon at all, but another man of the same name. He was no half-sane individual, no man needing some one to care for him constantly. He was—and is—one of the shrewdest and clearest-headed men in New York city. He's one of the most successful operators in Wall Street. So I've dropped that Mr. Paul Walldon. He may go to the dogs!

"I cannot find a trace of the rascally nurse who helped in Walldon's abduction. I begin to think I never shall.

"Recently, John Tradd has disappeared. Some fellow got hurt in a horse race or a railroad accident, or something of the sort, somewhere, and some woman who had heard of him took occasion to recommend him as just the man they needed. I don't know where he's gone; I don't much care. He's a fellow that I don't put down in very big figures in my problems. It only strikes me as queer that he has disappeared so completely.

"Dr. Girtton is quiet and sedate and steady. He is getting old and gray. I think he suffers. I am not sure, however, whether it is remorse which ails him, or only disappointed love. You remember my telling you once that you are the sort of woman a man would give his soul for. To give so much—and then to lose—how awful it must be! As for me, I will never give you up! Never—never—never!

"But all this is very different from what I started out to say. When I begin to write to you I never know what I shall say nor where I shall stop.

"I am getting lonely—that's the message I had in mind. And I'm coming down to Bobunquedunk. And I'm going to remain there as long as you do. And business can go to—can go with that Wall Street Walldon, for all I care. I won't let you out of the sight of my hungry eyes for twenty-four hours at a time again, as long as I live. Devotedly, yours,
"LEONARD STANNARD."

That was the sort of a crisis Mrs. Thomas Girtton had to meet. It was a particularly ugly and awkward kind of one. The earth is small. The seas are narrow. Travel is swift. Rates are cheap. Strangely assorted groups are to be found everywhere. But—it would never—never do to let Leonard Stannard come down to Bobunquedunk. Mrs. Girtton would run the risk of for ever losing sight of every person there, rather than let him get a glimpse of certain ones among them.

"Wait, I leave for Niagara Falls on the next train. Meet me there."

That was a somewhat remarkable telegram to send in response to such a letter as we have just read. It was a trifle incoherent, perhaps. No matter. It was by means of it that Mrs. Girtton met her difficulties. She felt sure that it would fully answer the purpose intended, unless the electricity got mixed up in some unexpected way.

Mrs. Girtton had gone to the post-office alone. Usually she walked there, as she did almost everywhere else, in company with the colonel. The coming of the mail, once each day, was quite an event in Bobunquedunk, and the post-office was usually crowded with the fashionable Summer loungers immediately after the time for it to be distributed. To-day, however, Mrs. Girtton had gone late. She had seemed to have a feeling that something unpleasant was going to happen; surely something unpleasant had happened!

She could not send a telegram directly from Bobunquedunk; that little town was as innocent of telegraphs as of railroads. But she had sent a special messenger, a trusty man and a man well paid, across country by the nearest route a horse could go, to send her message. The message would go soon. It would go surely. It would go safely. Mrs. Girtton was fortunate in having a personality which attracted all, and won the

admiration of every one—the humble as well as the high. The man she sent would have done her bidding, no doubt, as speedily and safely as possible for any one—and any one's money. But, to have his reward flavored with one of Minnie Girtton's smiles, was to give extra energy to the horse he rode, make the night lighter and decrease the distance. The smiles of women have been working like wonders in the several fields of zoology, astronomy and geography—to say nothing of many others—ever since Eve first learned their power in love's first fleeting Eden.

Mrs. Girtton, having sent her telegram, went to her room at the hotel, summoned her maid, and began to pack. The maid had no questions to ask. She had known Mrs. Girtton too long and too well to have any emotion of surprise at any unusual thing she might do. She had too high and supreme a faith in her mistress to think her capable of doing anything either actually wrong or carelessly unwise. She had too deep-seated and genuine a love for the woman she served to make any untimely question or treacherous action possible. Had she been a different kind of person, so closely do the actions of servants modify and influence the lives of their employers, it is more than likely that either Mr. Stannard or Colonel de Laishe would have found it easier to walk in the paths they had severally selected for themselves. But Mrs. Girtton did not say: "To-morrow we will leave here for Niagara Falls." She kept her own counsel. Perhaps she did not quite know Marie; perhaps she did not estimate her at quite her full value.

Mrs. Girtton laid out the quietly elegant costume in which she would travel. She left a place in one of her trunks for the daintiest dress she owned; in this she arrayed herself when she went downstairs to spend the last evening which was to be hers in Bobunquedunk.

The colonel was waiting for her when she came down, and passed out upon the lawn. He had been gloomy and distrustful for more than an hour. He had been so exceedingly unhappy, and so very, very careless, that every one knew exactly what his trouble was. There were many most significant smiles when Mrs. Girtton came down, when the suddenly happy colonel offered her his arm, and when they went slowly down towards the beach together.

"I was afraid you were not well," said the colonel; "you have not been so late for weeks."

"No? Is that true? I didn't think I was late."

"Perhaps not, but I knew it. I was terribly lonely. I always miss you—every moment, when you are out of my sight."

"You are very kind and complimentary and flattering, colonel," she replied, trying hard to speak steadily, and to put into her words a careless gaiety she was far from feeling; "you will doubtless be inconsolable to-morrow."

"Ah? Why?"

There was that in his voice which sent the blood dancing unwontedly in her wrists and temples. There was that in it which stilled the laugh which had waited the boon of life at the crimson doorway of her lips. A woman may pardon much in a man—even in a bad man—when he is true and loyal to an honest love for her—and she was not quite sure that De Laishe was a bad man; she was no surer of her estimate of him than he had been of his regarding her, once. To the true woman it comes hard to give the earnest asker—no matter in what path his feet may have walked, no matter what his hands may have done, no matter what his lips may have spoken or his ears listened to with delight—a stone in the place of bread. It was not until he repeated his question that she found voice to answer him.

"Ah? Why?"

"Because I am going away from here to-morrow."

"Going to leave Bobunquedunk?"

"I am."

"For long?"

"For long? For ever!"

"Going home?"

"I—I—there is no place in all the world to-night I can call home."

"Going—where?"

She shook her head.

"Don't ask me. You have been very kind to me, you and the others of my Bobunquedunk friends. But don't ask me to tell you; let it be, so far as you and your friends here are concerned, as though I were going into another world."

"I won't. I love you. I want you for my wife. I never met another woman—"

She threw up her hands with an eager, imploring gesture.

"Don't. Do you not know that I am a wife?"

"Yes, but—"

"And have you not known it all the time?"

"Yes, I have; but—"

"Well, then, why ask me a question that is an insult to me?—a question which would be an insult to any honest woman!"

"I did not mean it so. I beg you to believe I did not mean it so. You do not live with your husband?"

"No."

"And there is some dark cloud of accusation against him, is there not?"

"There is."

"And you may be divorced—some time?"

"When my husband is proven as black as the accusations paint him, I shall be."

"And then—you will marry?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And—and whom?"

"The man who has hunted to the death the one who has most bitterly wronged me—the man who has saved me."

"Very well, I accept the conditions."

She shook her head.

"You need not do so. You must cherish no hopes. So far as this world is concerned, it shall

not be my doing if we ever meet again after to-morrow morning."

"But I love you."

"So you say."

"I will prove it."

"That, too, is an easy thing to say."

"I will do anything for you."

"You will?"

"I said so."

"And you mean it?"

"I do."

She leaned towards him in the darkness, leaned nearer and nearer, until her fragrant breath swept his cheek; nearer and nearer, until her eyes were within a foot of his own, and until she seemed looking down into the hidden secrets of his inmost brain.

"Tell me the other name of Paul Walldon," she said.

The colonel caught his breath.

"What is Paul Walldon to you?" he cried, jealously.

"Nothing; less than nothing."

"Why do you care to know the name that once was his?"

"Because I do. Is that not a true woman's reason? Is it not reason enough?"

"Are you merely curious?"

"God forbid."

"You really wish the knowledge—to make some use of it?"

"I do."

"And you wish to know where he lived, and what he did?"

"I do."

"Very well, I will tell you—"

"Thank you; you said you would. That is, you said you would do anything for me."

"I will tell you, on certain conditions."

"Name the conditions."

"For the name of the place where he lived—the name of the place where you are going."

"Granted. I go to Niagara Falls. I leave here for that place early in the morning."

"Thank you. Mr. Walldon, as he now calls himself, spent many years of his life in—"

The colonel cautiously whispered the name of the place into the ear of the lady who so much desired it.

"Thank you," she said, in her turn; "and what was his name?"

Again the colonel's answer was a whisper—a whisper too low for us to hear just now.

"And now," he demanded, "tell me why you go, in payment for the name Paul Walldon once gave both dignity and honor to."

"I will. I go to meet a man."

"Indeed? And who is he?"

"The first one who ever urged me forward to divorce; the one who asked me to marry him, and who took upon himself the sorry task of proving the man whose name I now bear a scoundrel—in the hopes of prevailing upon me to take his name instead; the man who first took hope from conditions which, once satisfied, would make Thomas Girtton an outcast, as much to be shunned as though he were a leper; the man who first found satisfaction in the assurance that, when I marry once more, I shall be the wife of a man who has saved me."

"Will—will you tell me the gentleman's name?"

"With pleasure. Why should I not? Why should I not be as frank and obliging as you have been? His name is Leonard Stannard."

"I never heard the name before. I never had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman."

"Which you may regard as fortunate," said the lady to herself. If she had said it aloud, upon so little things do great results turn, I think the remainder of this narrative would be quite different from what it is.

* * * * *

The stage for the nearest railroad station left Bobunquedunk at a very early hour. Few of the Summer guests were ever astir at that time. Late to bed, they were usually later to rise.

There was no one in sight, no one but those whose duties called them up, when Minnie Girtton and Marie took their places in the stage; they were the only passengers that morning.

They were not to get away without saying farewell to some of their friends, however. Just before time for the stage to start, Colonel de Laishe and Lieutenant Preston were seen approaching from opposite directions.

The two men met a dozen steps from the stage-door.

"See here," said the colonel, appealingly, "I want you to take this girl, Marie, and show her the flowers over at the back of the lawn. I must have a moment or two in private with Mrs. Girtton, and you must help me."

"I—why—I—"

"Hurry, man! and be sensible! There's a little woman out at your fort whose smiles have for ever made it impossible for you to do anything more appropriate than showing those newly opened beds of flowers to this maid will be. Marie," speaking louder, and addressing the person of whom he had been speaking, "Preston has risen two hours earlier than usual, in order to show you Bobunquedunk's wealth of flowers."

He took Marie by the hand; he assisted her from the carriage; he bowed to young Preston. And that man—a man who would have done any one of the bravest and most heroic things you can find recorded of any in the annals of battle and warfare—walked cheerfully away with a woman to whom he had never before spoken a word in all his life.

"Good-morning, colonel," said Mrs. Girtton, a bright smile on her face, and a touch of sarcasm in her tones; "is your baggage on board?"

"My baggage? I don't understand you."

"I fancied, after all you said last night, that you would find it pleasant to visit Niagara."

"I? No. I shall try not to intrude. I trust I am too much a man of the world, to say nothing

of my claims to being a gentleman, to go where I am not wanted."

"You will remain at Bobunquedunk, then?"

"For the present, yes."

"And will not visit Niagara?"

"Probably not this Summer. If—if—if there should be any hope of my being of service to you, any hope of doing anything for your good, I shall be only too glad to come."

"Thank you."

The colonel took a ring from his finger.

"Here," he said; "take this. If you are ever in any danger, any doubt, any difficulty, send me this, by any messenger you may select, or in any way you may choose, and I will come to you at once."

"Thank you."

"I will do anything to be of service to you. I would give my life for you. I—"

She reached out her hand and took the ring. Preston laid his hand lightly on the colonel's arm. Marie was waiting to enter the stage. And the colonel will never know how long she had been waiting there—waiting with the slim and sleek young lieutenant standing by her.

The driver cracked his whip. The horses sprang to their work. There was no time for handshaking, even. Parting, at the end, was sudden and unsatisfactory—as parting in this world of parting usually is.

"You seem to have gotten thoroughly over your indifference regarding an acquaintance with her," said young Preston, pointedly; "since Demonica is too much injured to be driven, you manage to amuse yourself by—"

The colonel's shoulders went up in a superlative shrug.

"Confine your thoughts to your everlasting little woman at the fort, with her eternal and irresistible smile. You seem to be in danger of forgetting that she may have some of the ordinary attributes of humanity—that of jealousy, for instance."

"I?—I forget that? Really, colonel, your words were not necessary to remind me of it," said the lieutenant.

(To be continued.)

NON-PARTISAN ELECTION ILLUMINATIONS.

THE boys are always interested in the elections, and never disappointed in them. They always have their bonfires, which are lit about the time the polls close, and burn with a lurid glare while the inspectors of election are engaged in the momentous task of counting the votes. The boys are equally willing to inmolate the ash-barrels of the neighborhood in honor of the Republican candidate or the Democratic. They will cheerfully plunder the grand stand of a Tammany meeting, and burn it in front of the Labor party's headquarters. In short, they are entirely non-partisan, their only campaign-cry being, "The combustibles must go!"

THE ANARCHISTS' FATE.

ON Wednesday afternoon of last week the decision of the United States Supreme Court upon the petition for a writ of error in the case of the condemned Chicago anarchists was made public. The application had been unanimously denied by the court of last resort. The seven are doomed to suffer the penalty proportionate to their crime. There rests only the faint hope that Governor Oglesby will interpose his executive prerogative, and commute the sentence, in the cases of some or all of the men, to imprisonment for life. Otherwise, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Louis Lingg, Adolph Fischer and George Engel will be hung at the County Jail in Chicago, on Friday next, the 11th of November.

The news was received with the usual bluster, and more or less veiled threats, by Most and his colleagues in New York, and by the avowed anarchists in St. Louis and other cities. The jail officials at Chicago had, no doubt, expected the announcement, yet it could not fail to cause considerable suppressed excitement. The dispatch was taken to the prisoners by Chief Clerk Price. Parsons was the first one approached. He unfolded the paper, and read rapidly. Then he folded it up without a change of countenance, and handed it back, declining to say anything or to answer the note. The others displayed no more emotion, and also declined to say anything. The anarchists had their usual number of visitors. Mrs. Parsons walked into the cage, leading her little girl. "Just what I expected," said her husband, referring to the decision; and they talked together for a long time. Lingg's sweetheart found him in a cheerful frame of mind. Nina Van Zandt talked earnestly to Spies, but awakened little response in his cynical face.

Orders were given to Bailiff Webb, who has charge of the approaches to the jail, to admit no more visitors to the ordinary criminals, and to allow entrance only to such visitors to the anarchists as are known to be relatives or intimate friends. Five or six extra policemen took up stations on the outside of the criminal building and the jail. It was decided that the death-watch at night should be increased from one man, as heretofore, to three, and that increased vigilance should be enjoined upon them to guard against any possible contingency. Two companies of police are now within the jail. They are each composed of twenty-five men, armed with rifles, bayonets and revolvers. Outside, also, considerable precautions have been taken to guard against any possible disturbance in the streets on the day of the execution. Captain Shaack, in whose precinct the fortress-like jail is located, states that in case of need six hundred police with rifles could reach the jail at a few minutes' notice. All of the houses in the vicinity of the jail have been inspected, and a record of the inhabitants obtained. On the outside of the jail is a company of policemen with revolvers and clubs. A company is at the waterworks, and large squads of armed policemen are in reserve on Chicago Avenue and on Larabee Street. The Chicago police force number about eleven hundred men, and each man will be on his mettle the day of the hanging. Two regiments of militia will be in readiness, and two companies of regulars on duty at High Wood, just north of Chicago, the site of the new military post, will be available.

Since the adverse decision of the Supreme

Court, Spies, Fielden and Schwab have backed down from their previous "liberty or death" attitude, and signed a petition begging the Governor for mercy. The situation of the condemned men is pitiable, in its apparently utter hopelessness. The dread sound of the hammer must have reached their ears—for the Sheriff began last week the building of the scaffold on which it is intended to hang the anarchists. This is significant of Mr. Matson's belief that the Governor will not interfere.

THE GREAT TRAITOR'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE quaint little building in Norwich, Conn., in which Benedict Arnold learned the business of druggist between 1755 and 1760, is to be torn down. When it is gone, nothing will remain to suggest that it was in Norwich that the great traitor was born, except an old well, or the dreary and dry remains of one, from which Arnold drank in his boyhood, and which was on the old Arnold homestead in which he was born.

Arnold's name is associated more with New Haven, in which city he spent all the years of his manhood before he entered the Revolutionary army. The house in which he then lived and in which he for a time carried on his drug business is still standing, and is barely more than a stone's throw from the New York and New Haven Depot. It is in a fair state of preservation, and is occupied as a dwelling.

The house in which he was born and where his boyhood was spent was torn down nearly forty years ago. Shortly before it was taken down, Mr. Q. D. Crocker, a local artist, made a pencil sketch of it, which was afterwards supposed to have been lost or destroyed. But it was found a short time ago. Old inhabitants of Norwich of years ago asserted that though the old house had gone greatly to decay, yet it was, with trifling variations, precisely the same as it appeared when Arnold was born in it.

These old inhabitants were not very anxious to preserve any memorial of Arnold, and the fact that he was born and bred in Norwich was always spoken of in a shuddering manner, and as if the subject was one that it was painful to speak about. This tacit understanding that Arnold should be forgotten as far as possible doubtless has caused much of interest concerning this extraordinary man to be lost, but there still existed thirty years ago some traditions about his boyhood life which have never been put in print.

THE MEXICAN DELEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

THE Mexican Minister at Washington, Señor Romero, is about to take possession of the permanent legation building on H Street. The new legation is a large square pressed-brick building eighty by one hundred and twenty-five feet, with sandstone trimmings, three stories high with a basement, and cost upwards of seventy thousand dollars. The interior arrangement consists of a suite of spacious drawing-rooms and ballroom, dining-room, library, sleeping-apartments, dressing-rooms and legation and domestic offices. The interior finish is in native woods. On the west is the residence of Chief-Justice Waite, and next beyond is the home of Senator-elect Chandler.

The presiding lady of the legation of the sister Republic of the United States of Mexico, Señora Doña Lucrecia Allen de Romero, is a fair daughter of Pennsylvania. Her father, W. E. Allen, a Virginian by birth, was a Philadelphian by long residence. Her mother was Miss Ackley, of Philadelphia. The señora is a lady of middle stature, beautifully formed, medium brunette, with an attractive face eloquent with expression. Her gift in music and language adds to the charms of her rare conversational powers.

The drawing-rooms of the lady of the Mexican Legation have been foremost in popularity, and during the coming season will even eclipse the brilliancy of her former social festivities.

The only other Governments owning their legation buildings are Great Britain—over which Miss Victoria West, the accomplished daughter of Queen Victoria's diplomatic representative, presides—and Japan. Madame Kuki, the interesting Japanese matron who represented the social administration of the Legation of the Sunrise Kingdom, will leave Washington with Minister Kuki, and will therefore not give Washington society the pleasure of her presence and entertainments during the coming season.

WORKS OF ART AT THE CAPITOL.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Times writes: "A year ago the Senate authorized the Architect of the Capitol to employ competent sculptors to make a marble bust of each of the Vice-presidents, to be placed in the niches of the Senate Chamber. Architect Clark some months ago contracted for five of these busts, taking first the three Vice-presidents, Hamlin, Wheeler and Arthur, then living, in order to have those made from life. Two of the subjects have since died, but the artists had commenced their work before that sad event. There have been twenty-one Vice-presidents. The busts ordered, and which will soon be delivered, are John Adams, by Daniel French, of Massachusetts; Thomas Jefferson, by M. Ezekiel, of Virginia; Hannibal Hamlin, by Larkin G. Meade, of Maine; W. A. Wheeler, by Launt Thompson, and Chester A. Arthur, by A. L. St. Gaudens, of New York. The limit of cost is \$800 for each bust, or an aggregate of \$16,800 for the complete set of twenty-one. They will be ordered five at a time and if practicable will be given to an artist of the State represented.

"In the Vice-president's room, on two beautiful marble consoles, set in the wall, have been placed marble busts of Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut, President *pro tem.*, by Calverly, presented by Mrs. Foster, and of Henry Wilson, Vice-president, by French. The latter is in commemoration of the death of Vice-president Wilson in that room on November 22d, 1875.

"The latest large canvases are Haskell's 'First Fight of the Ironclads, the Monitor and Merrimac,' a spirited piece of marine painting and battle action, for which Congress paid \$7,000, and 'Farming in Dakota,' by Carl Guterez, which was bought for \$5,000. One of the best of the later paintings is by a Philadelphia artist, A. G. Heaton, entitled 'The Recall of Columbus.' It represents the discoverer mounted on a mule, followed by a companion, also mounted, and a muleteer leading a pack animal, with panniers filled with maps and charts. A royal messenger, in court dress, from the camp at Santa Fe has overtaken Columbus at the bridge of Pinos, and having dismounted from his highly caparisoned

blue-black steed of Andalusia, and having handed the Queen's missive, awaits a reply in an attitude of obeisance. The face of Columbus is from a painting from life at Madrid. The landscape is from the scene of the event.

"The art treasures of the Capitol are assuming interesting proportions. The contribution of two statues of distinguished men from each State to the national gallery in the old Hall of the Representatives under the Act of 1864 has been made by eight States, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania and Ohio, in that order. In the same hall is a French bronze of Jefferson and marbles of Hamilton, Lincoln and Baker. The most valuable paintings are Rembrandt Peale's and Charles Wilson Peale's Washingtons, a Gilbert Stuart Washington and Jefferson, a Vanderlyn Washington, Ary Scheffer's Lafayette, the four Trumbull pictures of the Revolution, the Vanderlyn, Champman, Powell and Weir rotunda pictures of American discovery, exploration and colonization, Moran's cañons of the Colorado and the Yellowstone, Walker's Battle of Chapultepec, Powell's Perry's Victory on Lake Erie and Leutze's chromosilica of an emigrant train descending the Sierra Madre. Among the historical portraits a replica by Neagle of his portrait of Henry Clay, painted for the Whigs of Philadelphia during the Clay campaign, which has been hanging for years in an out-of-the-way corridor, will be placed at the head of the western grand staircase of the House."

M. ERNEST RÉNAN ON HEBREW HISTORY.

THE latest literary event in Paris is the publication of M. Ernest Renan's "History of the Israelites." M. Renan holds that there are but three histories of prime interest to the human race, and that united they form the history of civilization. They are the Greek, the Jewish and the Roman, and they embrace all the rational and progressive humanism. Greece has the largest and most brilliant part, and the progress of the world will eternally consist in working and widening out what that little nation conceived. The single fissure in her humanism lay in her contempt for the poor and her failure to realize the need of a just God. Her philosophers had an easy toleration for social iniquities, and so her religions remained charming toys for the citizens.

The notion of a universal God never arose in the Greek brain. It was given to the ardent genius of a little people in an out-of-the-way corner of Syria to supply this defect of the Hellenic mind. Israel could never resign itself to see an ill-governed world under a just God. Its sages displayed furious anger at the iniquities then prevailing. The sight of the unjust man dying wealthy filled their hearts with bitterness. The prophets of the ninth century before Christ made social justice a religious dogma, and declared that it would be better for the wicked to be destroyed than to live, if righteousness were not to triumph in their hearts.

Their point of view was false, but fertile in good. Like all doctrines of despair and like the present-day Nihilism, it produced a great awakening of the soul. For the founders of Christianity continued the teachings of the prophets, and were always looking for the destruction of the world. Strange to say, they transformed the old world. Jesus's Apostles and the second generation of Christians established a religion of Hebrew origin which crowded out the patriotic playthings of the pagan world.

Christianity has become as great an element in the growth of mankind as the Greek rationalism. England and America will long bear traces of their Biblical education.

CANINE SAGACITY.

THE Boston Advertiser says: "Some very interesting experiments were recently made in England to determine how it is that the dog is enabled to follow the trail of his master. A gentleman used for a series of tests a pointer which he had hunted for several years. Every precaution was taken to prevent the dog's being guided by anything but the sense of smell. The hunter, with his hunting-boots on, first walked about a mile over the grass, turning in various directions, and then hid himself. The dog, not having seen him, of course, was brought to the starting-place, when he at once took the trail, and followed it rapidly and accurately until he found his master.

"The hunter then headed a procession of twelve persons walking Indian file, each man being careful to place his feet in the footprints of the man preceding him. After walking two hundred yards the hunter turned to the right, followed by one-half of the men, and the other half turned to the left. Each party made a number of turns and detours, and then concealed themselves. The dog, when put on the trail, followed it promptly, and at the point of separation, without a moment's hesitation, turned to the right, as his master had done.

"A stranger to the dog then put on the master's hunting-boots, and after the same precautions the dog followed his tracks as quickly as he had followed his master's. When the master wore the boots of the stranger the dog would not follow, nor would he follow the trail of the stranger when he walked with naked feet, but he did follow his master under the same conditions, though slowly and with much hesitation. The hunter tried wearing new boots, and the dog refused to follow. He then resumed his hunting-boots, after pasting paper under the soles and along the sides; but the dog paid no attention to the trail until a point was reached where a very small piece of the paper had fallen from the boot; from that on the trail was followed rapidly.

"In the last experiment the hunter, with his hunting-boots on, free of paper, walked fifty yards, and then drew off his boots and walked three hundred yards barefoot, but holding his boots in his hand, which hung down. Then, raising his arm and still holding the boots, he walked three hundred yards more. The dog, when placed on the trail, followed the whole distance without the least hesitation."

CAPTAIN CANDLER'S CODE.

THERE died recently in Gainesville, Ga., a man whose name is familiar all over the Union among the veterans of both armies—Captain Daniel G. Candler, of the famous Banks County Guards. Banks County was always noted for its freedom from the conventionalities of society, and its inhabitants could not brook enforced restraint. Affairs of honor were always settled with the fist, and there was a high sense of fair play, which ostracized a man who would strike another while he was down. When the war broke out the Banks County boys organized a company, and an odd

company it was, entirely democratic in its make-up, and with little respect for shoulder-straps. As it was necessary to have a captain, the local school-master, Daniel G. Candler, was elected to that office. Captain Candler knew the importance of his office, but he also knew the nature of his men, and he adopted a military code of his own, which, while not approved by military tacticians, was the only code which the Banks County Guards would recognize.

"Gentlemen," the captain would say, "you will be kind enough to accompany me into the battle to-morrow."

"Gentlemen, please come to attention."

"Swing around like a gate—swing!"

"March oblique, like a worm fence."

"In a straight line, like a tater row—git!"

"Will my kind friend in the first four hold up his head?"

Such excessive regard for the feelings of his men made Candler a successful captain. His men would have died for him, because he was not "stuck up," like the other officers.

DOMES OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

WORK has been resumed on the uncompleted frieze of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times says: "Some idea of the nature of this work may be had from the list of subjects, each one of the sixteen covering about nineteen feet of the inner circumference of the dome. They begin with American history—the landing of Columbus—and follow in order with Cortez and Montezuma, Pizarro departing for Peru, the burial of De Soto, the rescue of John Smith, the landing of the Pilgrims, Penn's Treaty, the colonization of New England, Oglethorpe and the Muscogees, the battle of Lexington, the Declaration of Independence, the surrender of Cornwallis, and General Scott entering Mexico. The discovery of gold in California and the completion of the Pacific Railroad will now be put on the mortar, leaving the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 to complete the work. The execution of these three cartoons will require a year of steady labor."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A SOLUTION of thymol, used as a mouth-wash after smoking, will remove the unpleasant odor of tobacco.

NINE cables connect Europe and America. Altogether there are now in use 113,000 nautical miles of cable.

CLARET or other wine-stains may be removed from washable fabrics by holding them in milk while it is boiling.

POTEL, a German scientist, makes an artificial cork from glue, glycerine and tannin. It is elastic, impervious, strong, durable and cheap.

DR. GUILLOTIN did not invent the neat decapitating machine that bears his name. An old print has just been given the town museum of Halifax, England, which shows that the guillotine was used there two hundred years ago. A criminal was guillotined at Naples in 1268, and the machine was used in Persia long before that date.

In addition to supplying crops with the necessary moisture, rain has a distinct manurial value. It has been shown on an English farm that, with an annual rainfall of little less than thirty-two inches, each acre of land receives every year in the rain-water over fourteen pounds of pure chlorine, seventeen pounds of sulphuric acid and between two and three pounds of ammonia.

AN inventor has completed experiments which he claims shows the practicability of making stone type of large size as a substitute for wood letters. The material is an artificial stone, pressed into molds, and then hardened, afterwards being polished on the surface. There will be no warping and no expansion or contraction, and each font will be exactly the same as that preceding.

SIMMONS, the well-known American sculptor at Rome, has just completed a very fine statue of Longfellow, which is to be erected at Portland, Me. The poet is represented in a sitting attitude, and the likeness is most admirable. The bronze figure, which if standing would be ten feet higher, is to be placed upon a pedestal of polished red granite, which is to be twelve feet high. The statue will be unveiled at Portland in May next.

THE dynamic value of one pound of good steam coal has been estimated by Professor W. D. Rogers as equivalent to the work of one man one day, while three tons would represent his work for twenty years, counting three hundred working days in a year. He has further estimated that a four-foot seam would yield one ton of good coal to the square yard, and that one square mile in area would represent the labor of over 1,000,000 men for twenty years.

THE interesting statement is made in the last municipal report of the Corporation of Chelsea, near London, that, contrary to what has generally been assumed in the relations of occupation and health, the sewer-men of that place show marvelous health and vitality, notwithstanding they spend seven hours daily in the sewers, often in cramped-up positions, dealing with offensive and dangerous matter. One of the sewer-men, who is now pensioned off, is eighty-six years old, and was a sewerman for more than twenty-eight years; another who is yet at work is seventy-four, and has followed his occupation more than thirty years.

A RECENT English invention is a machine for ridding roads of snow. It is constructed on the principle that snow in cities can be dealt with on the spot on which it falls, and while it is in a light and fleecy condition. The apparatus consists of a wrought-iron tube about thirty-five feet long, having a furnace at one end, and a short length of vertical pipe for a chimney at the other; the tube is made in lengths of six feet, and each length is tapered, so that they all fit into each other, and are closely packed for transport on wheels. When a fall of snow occurs the apparatus is to be laid along the gutters of the road or street to be cleared, the width thus occupied being about four feet; a fire is now to be lighted in the furnace, the heat from which will pass along the horizontal tube, which has a flatly arched top; on the snow being now shoveled on to the heated tube, melting, of course, immediately takes place, the resulting water flowing away into the nearest gully. Experiments made with this machine melted twenty-one yards of consolidated snow, weighing ten and one-half tons, in ten hours, with a consumption of forty cents' worth of coke.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MORMONS have applied to the Porte for permission to establish a community in Turkey.

BOTH the *Galatea* and the *Thistle* arrived safely home, on the other side of the Atlantic, early last week.

THE elections for members of the Swiss National Council have resulted in the return of ninety-five Liberals and fifty-two Conservatives.

THE centennial of the Moravian Society for Propagating the Gospel among the heathen was celebrated at Bethlehem, Pa., on the 1st inst.

BALTIMORE capitalists are reported to be contemplating the establishment of a telegraph company to compete with the Western Union.

THE returns of the municipal elections in England show a gain for the Liberals of 78 and a gain for the Conservatives and Dissident Liberals of 62.

CANADIAN newspapers are demanding the recall of Mr. Chamberlain, the British Fisheries Commissioner, who is denounced as a mischief-maker.

THE floods resulting from the recent overflow of the Yellow River, in China, caused the loss of 1,000 lives, as well as an immense amount of damage to property.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX saloons in Pittsburgh and Allegheny have closed permanently, licenses having been refused them under the high-license law.

ANNE WHITNEY's statue of Leif Erikson, the explorer who is reputed to have visited this continent as early as the year 1000, was dedicated in Boston on the 28th ult.

THE meeting of the Presbyterian Ecumenical Council which is to be held in London next year has been postponed from June 26th to July 3d, at the request of the American delegate.

THE Italian Government has decreed the formation of a third brigade of reinforcements for Africa, so that the expeditionary corps will muster 30,000 men. The new brigade will start on the 10th of next month.

THE receipts of the Government for October amounted to \$31,803,172, and the expenditures to \$12,474,652, an excess in receipts of \$19,328,520. The decrease of the public debt for October was \$16,833,695.

RUSSIAN advices report the expulsion from Russia of Mr. Van Riper, formerly American Consul at Moscow, who, at the request of the Russian Government, was dismissed for selling medals to Russian exhibitors at New Orleans.

THE Hawaiian Government has decided to cede Pearl River Harbor to the United States as a coaling station, but provision is made that in case the present reciprocity treaty is abrogated, the American Government shall relinquish the harbor. The harbor in question is near Honolulu, and is regarded as the finest in the Hawaiian group.

THE President last week received a deputation from Great Britain who desire his co-operation in securing a treaty between that country and the United States, that shall provide for the amicable settlement of disputes by arbitration. The delegation was introduced by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and the President replied to the addresses of the spokesmen, assuring them of his sympathy with the movement.

COUNT DE LESSEPS has announced to the French Academy of Science that the Panama Canal will be opened on February 3d, 1890. The work will not then be entirely completed, but the passage will be free for twenty ships a day. It is estimated that this traffic will produce an annual revenue of from 90,000,000 francs to 100,000,000 francs. The venerable count no doubt expects the shareholders to believe his promises.

A NEW scheme in England is to bridge the English Channel. The distance is twenty-two miles, and the idea is to place massive piles 1,600 feet apart, rising thirty-two feet out of the water and supporting iron piers, on which the flooring will rest. The time for construction is placed at seven years, and the cost at \$200,000,000. It is quite safe to predict that the scheme will not be carried out in this generation.

THE brief of George H. Thobe, contestant against Ex-Speaker Carlisle for a seat in the Fiftieth Congress, just filed with the Clerk of the House, claims that Thobe was elected by 600 majority. This result is found by rejecting about 1,000 votes cast for Carlisle, and about 200 votes cast for Thobe, which were polled at precincts where, it is claimed, the laws of Kentucky were not observed. The brief cites Congressional precedents from 1791 to prove that Congress has maintained this view of the law of elections.

COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS ATKINS in his annual report notes substantial evidence of continued progress on the part of the Indians towards civilization. The progress shows itself all along the line in increased knowledge and experience in agriculture, in enlarged facilities for stock-growing, in better buildings and better home appointments, and in the adoption of the dress and customs of the white man. Even higher evidence of progress is given in the largely increased attendance of pupils at school, which has been greater during the past year than during any preceding year.

A CHARLESTON dispatch says there is much anxiety over the fact that mortgages on hundreds of thousands of acres of farming land in South Carolina in favor of the Corbin Banking Company of New York and the Scottish Land Company mature soon, and foreclosure is imminent. The rate of interest on the mortgages is from ten to twenty per cent, and the farmers in nine cases out of ten are unable to pay any of the principal. The Legislature will be urged to enact some measure to protect the unfortunate farmers, and it is thought the mortgages can be declared void on the ground of usury.

REFERRING to the somewhat extravagant statements concerning the display of "rebel flags" at Macon, Ga., during the recent reunion of Confederate veterans, Governor Gordon of that State, in a recent speech at Cincinnati, said: "There were in all that great central city of Macon, Ga., a dozen Confederate flags and fifty thousand of the Stars and Stripes, and yet some people are so color-blind that they could not see anything but the rebel flags, although the very carriage that bore Jeff. Davis, and the horses that drew him, were literally covered with Union flags. The very house that he was in was so covered with them as to almost blind him."



profession as a sailor. While on the training-ships, boys study arithmetic, geography, history of the United States, with exercises in reading and writing, swimming, boxing, fencing, rowing and sailing boats. As he advances in knowledge, and his conduct and deportment warrant it, he is advanced to the rating of second and first class apprentice, with \$10 and \$11 per month. These rates can be conferred upon him as soon as he qualifies for them, while on board the stationary training-ship. Clothing and bedding are supplied by the ship; the cost is about \$33, or \$40, according to the season, and this amount is charged to the apprentice's account, and is paid off gradually by him, or it can be paid by the parents or guardians when the boy enlists.

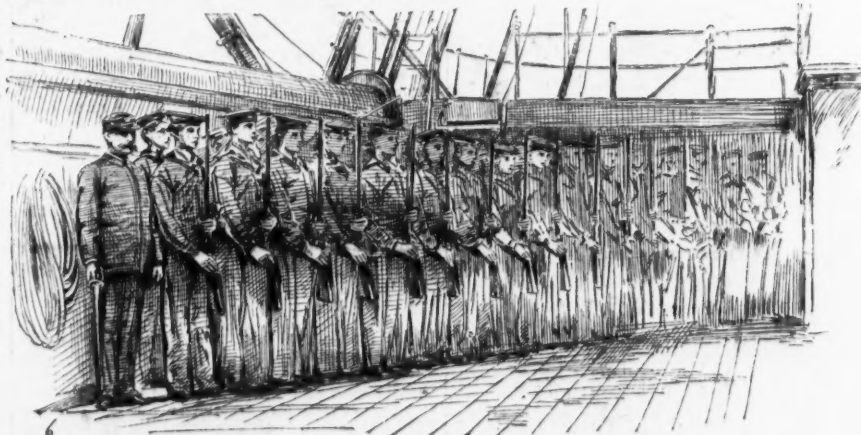
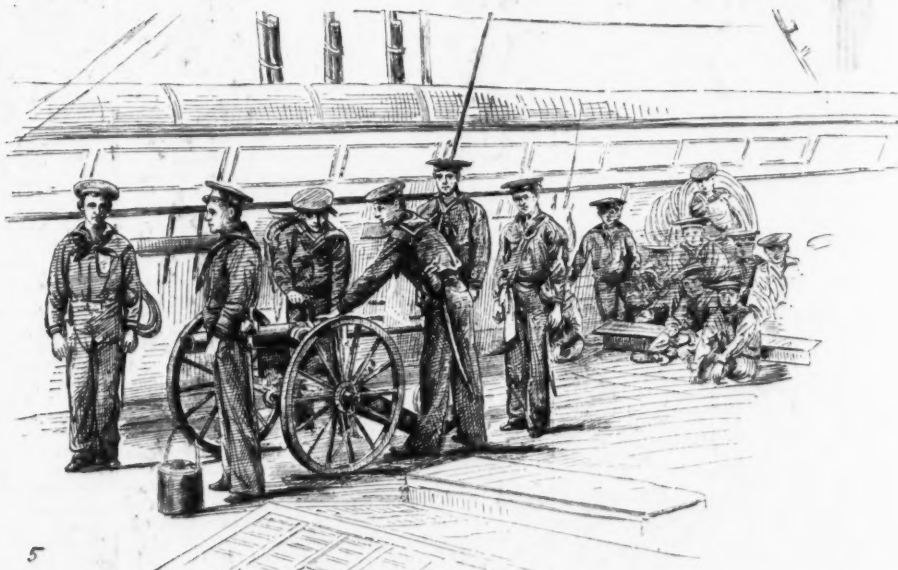
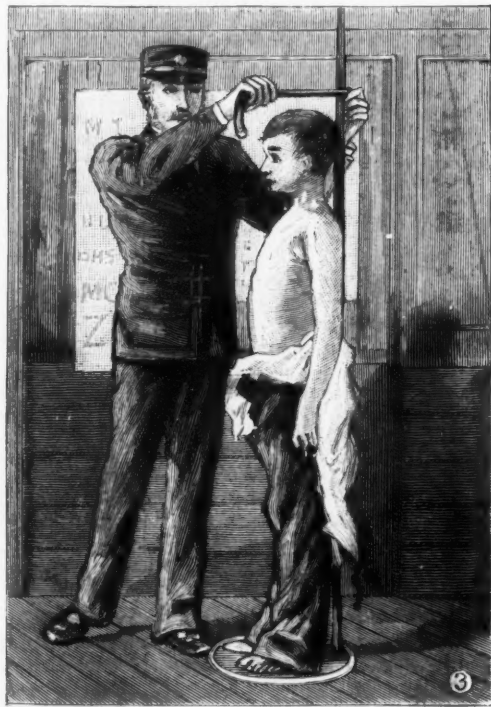
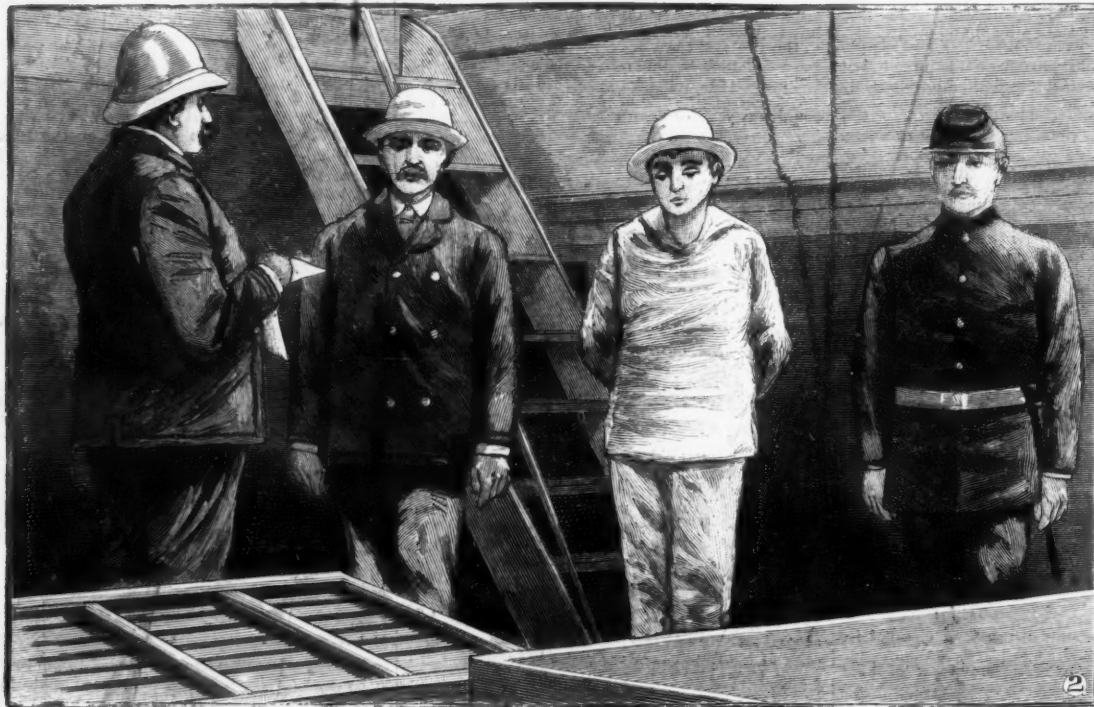
The boys do their own washing and mending, and their food is prepared for them by the ship's cook. Divine service is held on board, and attendance is compulsory. Boys are allowed a reasonable amount of leave of absence and can visit their homes twice a year while in the waters of the United States, provided they are out of debt and in good standing as to conduct and ability. Pocket money is allowed at the discretion of the commanding officer, and varies from \$1.50 to \$5 per month, if not in debt; after their transfer to a cruising vessel, the amount served out is from one-third to one-fifth the monthly pay, according to the Conduct Class in which they stand.

When an apprentice is qualified for sea, he is drafted to a cruising practice-ship, visits Europe or the West Indies during a short cruise, returns to the United States, and is allowed to visit his home for from ten days to two weeks, preparatory

to transfer to a United States Naval vessel in any part of the world. This is usually about fifteen months after enlistment.

After serving on a regular sea-going vessel for one year, if proficient in his duties and showing an aptitude for the Naval Service, the apprentice may be advanced to *Seamen Apprentice* second class, with the pay of \$19 per month; and in the same way, after the expiration of the second year of the cruise, he may be advanced to the rating of *Seamen Apprentice* first class, with a pay of \$24 per month. After this, for the remainder of his apprentice cruise, or till he reaches the age of twenty-one, he is eligible to the rating of a Petty Officer, such as Quartermaster, Coxswain, Captain-of-Top, Sailmakers' Mate, etc., with pay from \$30 to \$40 per month. After completing his apprenticeship, the young seaman is released from the Navy, but can re-enlist at once if he is so inclined. Should he have obtained an honorable discharge, and re-enlist within ninety days from the date of his discharge, he receives three months pay as a gratuity, and is eligible to any of the ratings of Petty Officers on shipboard, with increased pay and responsibilities.

The training of the young jack-tar makes a man of him, as all of us can testify who have seen him, in his natty rig of navy-blue, with bronzed face and rolling gait, on a business or pleasure outing in the streets of New York. The habits of order, promptness, neatness, obedience to orders, etc., in which the apprentices are trained, become very valuable in whatever calling in life they may be employed. The routine, though one of discipline, is a congenial one to an energetic, spirited boy; and



THE NAVAL SCHOOL ON THE
"MINNESOTA."

THE training-ship *Minnesota*, of the United States Navy, is a familiar object, and presents a sufficiently imposing appearance as she lies at anchor in the Hudson, or at her dock at the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, New York city. She is one of the five vessels devoted by the Government to the object of training and placing in the service of the United States Navy deserving boys and young men who will maintain its standard as a reliable arm of the national defense; the other four ships being the *New Hampshire*, Coasters' Harbor Island, near Newport, R. I.; the *Wabash*, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.; the *St. Louis*, Navy Yard, League Island, Philadelphia, Pa.; and the *Dale*, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. Other vessels may from time to time be designated for this service.

The "naval apprentices," as they are called, must be not less than fourteen and not over eight-

teen years of age; of good health and average physical proportions. They must enlist with the consent of their parents or guardians; and enlistment in the Navy is a very different affair from "running away to sea." Neither is it in any way like being sent to a reformatory; on the contrary, certificates of good character are required, and boys who have been convicted of misconduct, or whose parents merely wish to have them disciplined, are not received; while such as develop bad traits after having secured admission are promptly dismissed. The applicant, having passed the requisite physical examination, and shown that he can read and write, is accepted, and agrees in due form to serve in the United States Navy until he shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years. He is enlisted as third-class apprentice, which is the lowest grade or rate in the Navy. From the moment he enlists, his pay per month is \$9, he receives his food in three substantial meals per diem, and is placed in a class where he gradually acquires a knowledge of the rudiments of his prospective

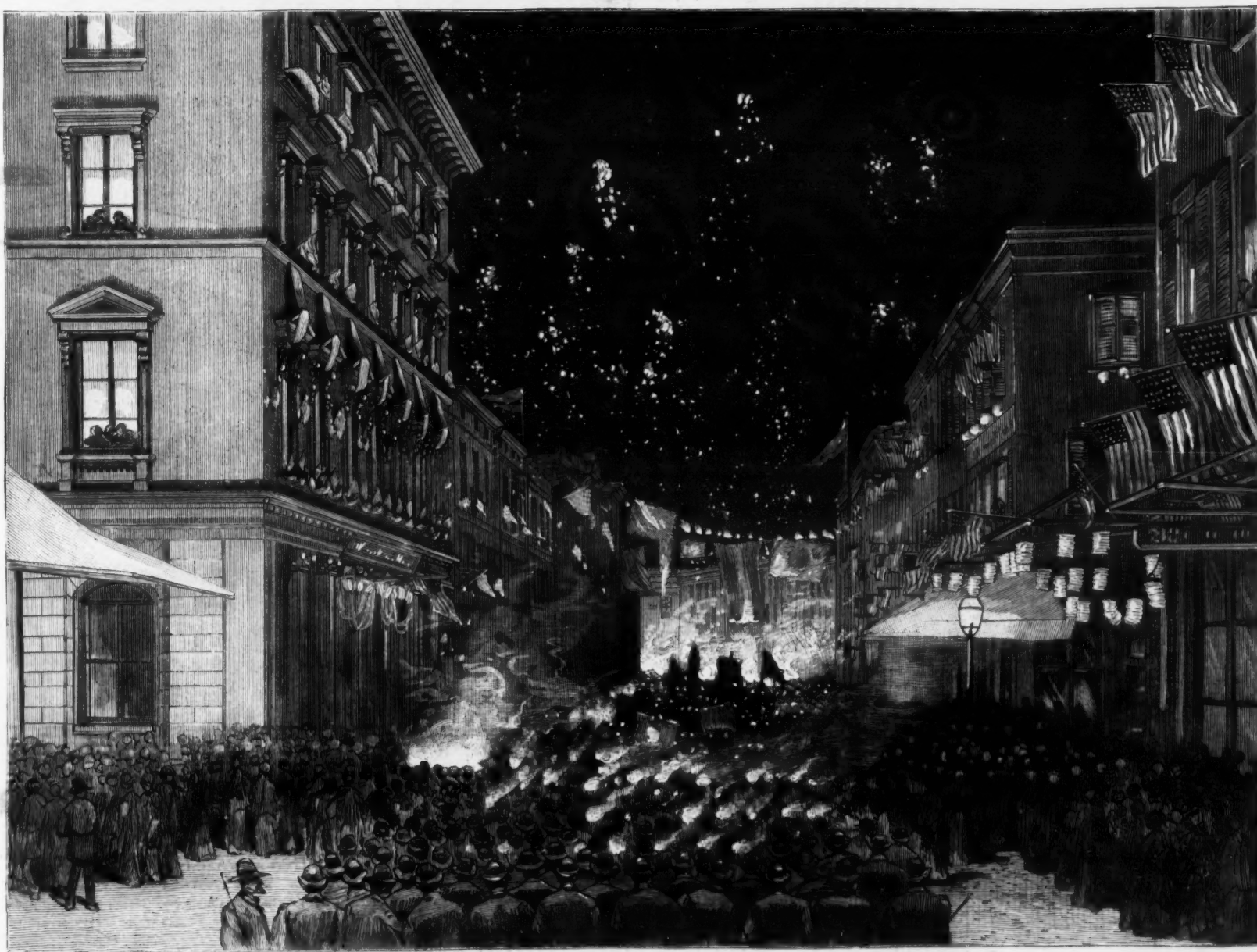
1. TRAINING-SHIP. 2. A DESERTER. 3. EXAMINATION OF AN APPLICANT. 4. A TEST OF SKILL. 5. THE GUN DRILL. 6. ON REVIEW.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL SERVICE.—LIFE ON BOARD THE TRAINING-SHIP "MINNESOTA."

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



THE WRECK OF THE PROPELLER "VERNON" ON LAKE MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 29TH.—THE SOLE SURVIVOR SIGNALING THE SCHOONER "POMEROY" FROM THE DECK OF THE LIFE-RAFT.—SEE PAGE 199.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—THE RESURRECTION FESTIVAL OF CHARLESTON—A SCENE ON KING STREET DURING JUBILEE WEEK.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 198.

attempts at desertion are rare. His knowledge of boxing may be occasionally put to test in one of those disputes which will arise in the best-regulated schools; but the authorities are not inclined to be over-severe on the combatants, whose comrades are always on hand to see that the proceedings are technically "square."

FRAULEIN KITTY BERGER, who wears the proud title of the most accomplished and charming zither-player in the world, has returned to New York, receiving delighted welcome from the social and musical circles which she entrances and adorns. During the greater part of the past Summer season Miss Berger has been the guest of Mrs. Adeline Patti, at the romantic Welsh castle of Craig-y-Nos. Such a sojourn realizes the perfection of artist-life, and from its subtle inspirations we have no doubt that the hearers of the fair zitherist will profit during the coming season, "when the snow lies white."

NEW SLEEPING CARS TO THE WEST.

The new Sleeping Cars now run from Grand Central Depot, in the heart of New York, through without change to Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago via Cleveland, Chicago via Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis by the four-track New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, are the finest in service, fast time is regularly made, polite attention is assured from station and train employes, and the new Dining Car Service on all the Fast Express Trains over the New York Central is unexcelled.

FUN.

"It's always darkies before the dawn," as the farmer observed when he heard a noise in his melon-patch at three o'clock in the morning.—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

SALVATION OIL is guaranteed to effect a cure in all rheumatic and neuralgic affections. Chinese eat rice off sharp-pointed sticks, but take DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP naturally.

WHAT IS RESPIRATION?

RESPIRATION is not merely the taking of air into the lungs. The air must first be inhaled. Then the blood, passing through the air-filled lungs, takes up the oxygen from the air, and carries it to every part of the body. Respiration begins with our first introduction into the world, and is kept up day and night, sleeping or waking, till life ends.

When Compound Oxygen, the great vitalizing remedy for disease, is taken into the system, it is not introduced into the stomach, but in a far more direct way into the lungs. Hence, it is taken up in the ordinary and regular process of respiration, its beneficial effects being carried to every part of the system. Acting directly on the blood, it refreshes, restores, and invigorates the whole system. When all the attempts at the healing of chronic infirmities have failed, Compound Oxygen has sometimes accomplished the work completely and permanently. If you want to know more about this most beneficial agent, write to DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1329 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and their treatise will be freely mailed to you.

At Sing Sing: Visitor—"I suppose the convicts are deprived of their valuables when they arrive?" Warden—"Yes; but even the poorest of them have a watch and chain."—*Texas Siftings.*

OPINION OF MR. J. H. BRESLIN, OF THE GILSEY HOUSE, ON WINES IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

In an interview with a *Tribune* reporter Mr. Breslin says: "We get better wines in America than are to be had in Europe, because the best wines are shipped to the American market. Again, the palate will afford proof of this. I went through Mumm's cellars at Rheims. I sampled the wines that were set apart for the different markets, and that for the American market was a long way the best. The 1884 champagne that is coming here is the best that I have ever tasted."

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are indorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

BOSTON IN LUCK.

At the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery in New Orleans, October 17th, three of the big prizes were captured by Boston men. Mr. Israel Ginsburg, who held one-tenth of ticket numbered 13,646, drew one-tenth of the capital prize of \$150,000. Mr. Ginsburg is a young man, nineteen years of age, and lives with his father and his family at 57 Salem Street, in quarters that betray a life of hardship and moderate, if not extreme, poverty. He is a Russian Jew, a peddler by trade, and has only been in this country a few years. To few men, therefore, could the smile of fortune have been more welcome. The morning the lucky numbers were published Mr. Ginsburg looked them, as he thought, carefully over, but failed to discover that his ticket bore the luckiest number of all. When his friend Mr. Finberg congratulated him later in the day he naturally thought he was joking, and it was no easy matter to convince him of his good luck. However, the pleasant truth sooner or later dawned upon him, and if he should ever doubt it again all he will have to do will be to visit the Blackstone and Fourth National Banks, where he will find that last week he deposited in them \$7,000 and \$6,000 respectively. The remaining \$2,000 the grateful son presented his father. Little else than Mr. Ginsburg's good fortune has been talked of in the neighborhood of Salem Street since the drawing, and it is estimated that over 500 tickets have been sold there for the next date. Mr. John F. Sullivan and another Bostonian each held a tenth of ticket 58,490, which also drew a capital prize, the amount in cold cash received by each being \$2,000. Mr. Sullivan is a poor man, perhaps thirty-five years old, who during the past few years has been without any permanent employment, though during the most of his life he was a more or less successful junk dealer. He has been a staunch believer in the lottery, and has found it a profitable investment before. The other gentleman, whose name we are not at liberty to publish, is the cashier of one of the largest and wealthiest companies in the United States. He has drawn prizes before, though none were so large as the last. He expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with his experience, and considered the Louisiana Lottery Company as one of the fairest and most honest financial organizations in the country.—*Boston Courier*, Oct. 30.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 683 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25c. a vial, by druggists.



Eighteenth Annual CHRISTMAS Exhibition of TOYS, Dolls, Games, AND HOLIDAY PRESENTS. GRAND OPENING COMMENCING Thursday, Nov. 10 AT SCHWARZ' TOY BAZAAR, 42 East 14th Street, UNION SQUARE.

All the LATEST NOVELTIES are now displayed, and an EARLY CALL is recommended, to avoid the usual rush in December. Circular Mailed on Application.

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, MEN'S WEAKNESSES & DISEASES prove FATAL unless the afflicted use the REMEDIES given in the ASAHEL MEDICAL BUREAU book, mailed FREE at 291 B'way, N. Y.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

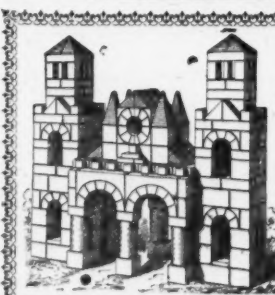


A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them. E. GRILLON, 27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873. C. WEIS Pipes of Meerschaum, 1873. Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'way, N.Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling silver m'ld pipes, new designs.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



THE TOY the child likes best! This is the title of a descriptive Price-List, richly illustrated in color-print, of the Anchor Stone Building Box, which should be found in every family, and may be obtained from all Toy Dealers, Stationers, and Educational Depots. The Price-List will be forwarded gratis on application to

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FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A FAMOUS physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention. The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly: for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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PERFUME TOILET POWDER & SOAP

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FALL NOVELTIES.

Tapestries, Portieres and Damasks. LACE AND SILK DRAPERIES.

Furniture Coverings, Piano Scarfs

—AND—
Table Covers.

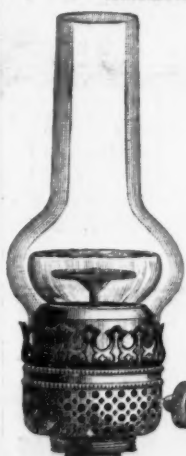
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RELIEF FOR THE EYES OF NIGHT-WORKERS. THE ROYAL ARGAND BURNER FOR OIL.

GIVES a LIGHT of 65-CANDLE POWER.

Absolutely Safe. Cannot Explode. Automatic Extinguisher.



This remarkable burner far exceeds any lamp or burner heretofore invented, in steadiness, brilliancy and softness of its light.

It gives an absolutely White Light, and can be used on any ordinary lamp you may have in your house.

It does away with all evil effects of night-work upon the eyes, and will do more than any medicine to restore overtaxed eyesight.

One editor writes: "I have worked by it constantly till very late at night, and the trouble I formerly had with my eyes has entirely disappeared since I have been using it."

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Doctors certify that it is the only light by which they can safely perform surgical operations and make medical examinations at night.

Equals gas for lighting Churches, Halls and Factories. Burner and chimney sent free of charge to any part of the country for \$1.25.

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Fair White Hands.
Bright Clear Complexion.
Soft Healthful Skin.

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Most Economical
Wears to
Thinness of a Wafer.

For the Nursery.
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Use WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. For Consumption, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and General Debility. It is an acknowledged Specific Remedy. TRY IT.

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